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att Westminster at the 22. yere of his age the 24. of febri.
1308. he Raigned 19 yere. & monachos was deposid the
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THE
HISTORIE
AND RAIgne
OF EDWARD
THE SECOND.

Together with his miterable
and cruell Death.

Also the fatall downe-fall of his two
vnforrunate Favourites, *Gaveston*,
and *Spenser*.

Published by the Author thereof, according
to the truc originall Copie, a little
before his death.

With Additions both of vse and ornaement.

By *Francis Hubert*, Knight, and sometime one
of the Sixe Clerkes of his Maiesties
Hsgb Court of Chancerie.

L O N D O N .

Printed by *A M.* for *L Chapman*, and are to be sold
at his shop at the upper end of Chancery-lane
next Holborne. 1631. *K*

HISTOIRE ET MÉTIERS D'ART ET DE MANUFACTURE

45

614

255

Ancien Recueil de l'Académie des Beaux-Arts de Paris.

Published by the Society of Friends of the British Museum.

On the Occasion of the Death of Mr. Philip Carteret, Esq.

And the Last Meeting of the Society.

Edited by J. R. Green, Esq., F.R.S., &c. &c.

With a Foreword by Sir Wm. G. Kneller, Bart., and a Memoir on the

Life and Death of the Author, by Dr. J. G. Frazer.

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1831.



Mr. B. Hall



TO
HIS VERY LOVING
Brother, Mr. RICHARD.

H U B E R T, the Author of this
historicall Poëme F. H. Knight,
wisheth all Health and
Happinesse.

WORTHY SIR:



Know that
noble Na-
tures desire
more to doe
good, then to
beare of the
good, they doe ; and therefore,

A 4 with-

THE EPISTLE.

without all farther Complement,
you shall giue me leaue, Onely
to say thus much : That (if
GOD and **Nature** had not)
yet your many kind and Con-
stant faucurs to mee, and all
mine haue made mee truely
your orne : which, (as I glad-
ly acknowledge) so I would haue
the World take notice, That I
am both sensible of them,
and thankfull for them :
And now (Sir) being already
deepe in your debt, I must still
runne farther upon your score,
by committing i o your Care and
custo-

THE EPISTLE.

custodie this Innocent Child not
of my Body, but of my Braine.
It is surely of full Age, for It
was conceiued and borne in
Queene Elizabeths time, but
grew to more maturitie in King
JAMES's; and therefore,
(as wee use to say) It should be
now able to shift for It selfe:
But f that gane It life, finding
the weaknesse thereof, was ful-
ly resolved to keepe It still at
home vnder mine owne wing,
and not to let It see the Sunne,
when loe, (after Twenty yeares
concealment) when f thought
the

THE EPISTLE.

the unfortunate Babe (like to
It's Father) euен dead to the
World, & saw the false and
uncomely Picture of my poore
Child (taken by a most vnskil-
full hand) offered to the pub-
licke sight and censure of euery
judicious Eye : and (though
that could not) yet truely I
did blush for It, to see It,
so nakedly, so unworthily, so
mangled and so maymed thrust
into the world, that I scarce
knew It, and was a-
sham'd to owne It : And
therefore (good Brother) to
vin-

THE EPISTLE.

vindicate both It and my Selfe
from those grosse and sence-
lesse Errours, wherewith that
false Bastard was too foulie de-
formed; & haue now sent It a-
broad to seeke Its fortunes, in
Its own true shape, and habite:
desiring your Selfe, and euery
understanding Reader (for I
know It is not for the vse of e-
uery Ordinarie Eye) to looke
upon that former Peece, with
scorne and Contempt, and once
againe to take a resurvy of
It, as now It Appeares in
Its owne true feature and po-
ture:

THE EPISTLE.

ture : It may bee you shall
find somewhat in It, both to
informe the Vnderstanding and
to rectifie the Affections, and if
in any of the Passages thereof,
It shall seeme eyther too light,
and remisse or too bold, and
free, eyther too open and tart,
or too sparing and reseru'd;
That you must impute, eyther
to the matter, that I handle, or
the parties, that I personate,
which must of necessitie be
drawne according to the true
Life, both in colours and pro-
portion, or else, the Worke will
bee

THE EPISTLE.

bee of very little use, and of lesse
Grace and Ornament, eyther to
my Selfe or others : And so
humbly desiring the Almighty
to blesse You both in Soule, Bo-
dy and Estate ; f rest, not your
Servant according to the new
and fine, but false Phrase of
the Time, but in honest old
English, your loving Brother,
and true Friend for
ever :

FRAN: HVBERT.

• a r a i n H a n t
off to him. He slighted him to his
own destruction. Then he said
of him : and now I will give
you him to eat. And he did.
So he said to him : Give me
the man whom you have
killed. And he said : I have
killed no man. But he said :
I will not let you go, until
you tell me who it was
that struck me. And he said : It
was you that struck me.

• a r a i n H a n t

THE AVTHORS

PREFACE.

(.)

I
Rebellious thoughts why doe you tumult so?
And strike to breake from forth my troubled
soul: not enough that I my selfe doe know (brest)
The moving Causes of mine owne unrest?
soul: not enough to know my selfe distrest?
O no: Surcharged hearts must needs complaine,
Some ease it is (thought small) to tell our passe.

2

Let Weyward thoughts retire unto your home,
Unto my heart (your proper home) retire.
There rest in your unrest, till Death doth come,
And Death will come, call'd by conceal'd desire,
For Coales rak'd up glow more then open Fire,
And deepest streames doe run with smoother speed,
And silent griefes are the true griefes Indeed.

Bug

The Authors Preface.

3

*But if my heart bee so Inur'd to groaning,
Or if my tongue must bee the voyce of Sorrow,
Or that my Pen bee still Injoyn'd to moaning,
Because my night of Care hath never morrow;
Yet of my griesē thas much at least I'le borrow.
That for a time, I may surcease mine owne.
And tune my Muse to tell another's moane.*

4

*Another's moane to tell my Muse is tun'd,
(If anytune can bee injarring Griefe)
And I a King for subject haue assynd,
An English King: Who, whilste he lvd, was chi-
rn Honours height, yet dyed without relief;
So trne is that, which S O L O N once did say;
No man is Happie, till this dying day.*

F.H.

T H



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF EDVVARD *the* *Second.*

IT is thy sad disaster which I sing
Carnarvan EDVVARD : Second of that name,
Thy Minions pride, thy States ill-managing,
Thy Peeres revolt, the sequell of the same,
Thy Life, thy Death I sing, thy Sin, thy shame;
And how thou wert deprived of thy Crowne,
In higheſt fortunes, cast by Fortune downe.

6

Did I say Fortune? Nay, by Folly rather,
By vnrespect vnto the rules of State.
For let a Prince affuse himselfe to gather
As he hath planted: eyther Loue, or Hate.
Contempt, or Dutie: not the workes of Fate,
Much leſſe of Fortune, but of due respects
To Caſes, which muſt needs produſe effects.

B

A

7

As if a Prince doe draw his plat-forme right,
And then with courage builds vpon the same.
His ends proues happie : But by oversight
Hee that is weake, wholly subuerts the frame
Of his owne building, and doth Idly blame
Fortune, the seruant to deserving merit,
But the Commander of the abject spirit.

8

In which discourse, if I shall hap to touch
Those faults, w^{ch} in our time are frequent growne,
Let not the gall'd offender winch, or grudge.
For I intend a priuate wrong to none,
Onely I would haue those same errors knowne.

By which the State did then to ruine runne,
That (warn'd by theirs) Our Age like sins might

9 (shunne.)

Nor doe I meane, to bound my selfe so much,
As onely for to tye mee to those Times,
The causes, courses, consequents I'le touch
Of later Ages, and of their designes,
And if detractions breath doth blast my Lines,
Bee it for me, I haue for my defence
The priuie-Coat of harmlesse Innocence.

10 (State)

Iacobvs, And thou * great King that now do'st weild our
Building on that, which former times did square
O let it not be thought to derogate
From thy perfections ; (admirably rare)
If I some errors of these Times declare.
Since neuer State was so precisely good, (stood
But faults haue scar'd, which could not be with

Fe

I I

For men are not like God, compleat, divine,
“ Whom neither passions moue, nor errors blind;
“ Who is not limited with any time,
“ Nor tyde to meanes, nor into place confin'd;
“ But free in all, no counter checke doth find
“ To contradict the least part of his will,
“ But worketh all in all, and nothing ill.

I 2

“ Whereas our humaine actions all are mixt,
“ Men liue in motion, so doe theyr designes;
“ Nothing is simply good, or firmly fix'd.
“ All haue defects: Nature it selfe declines,
“ Darknes oft clouds the clearest Sun that shines.
“ Our purest stremes are not without their mud.
“ And we mistake, what oft we take for good?

I 3

Besides, Kings needs must see with others Eyes,
From whencee mistakings canot choose but spring,
And when the offence from Error doth arise,
Why shold men cast the Envie on the King?
And not on those, that mis-informe the thing?
“ It is the gall most baines the Kingly throne,
“ That of his faults the least part is his owne.

I 4

For hee him-selfe is blamelesse oft (God knowes)
Except it bee, because hee doth not know
The noted Scandals, that arise from those.
On whom, hee doth his fauours most bestow
Which they abusing, discontents may grow
Against the Prince, though not deseruing them,
“ So apt we^e are eu'n Goodnes to condemne.

Nor must we with a blacking Coale streight brand
 A Prince, or State, because of some defect,
 Who can be free from Sulley (if so scan'd) ?
 But that same Prince or State deserues respect,
 Whose actions doe in generall affect.

And aymo at good : for in particulers

" None can be so compleat, but often erres.

And much they are deceiu'd, that thinke to find
 A State, without some blemish, or a staine,
 Conceit may cast *ideas* in the mind.
 And forge strange formes, in th'inuentive braine.
 But States consist of men, and men retaine
 One nativae badge, which vnto all doth cleave,
 That is, to be deceiu'd : and to deceiue.

It is the sole Prerogatiue of Heau'n
 Not to be tainted with the smallest error,
 But that Immunitie was never giu'n
 To Earth ; wise *Solomon* be thou the mirrour
 Where all may see their fraikies euен with terror.
 Thou mouing in perfections higest Spheare
 Fell from thy orbe: who hath not cause to feare?

The Warlike Trumpet sounding to the fight
 Commands the hearing more then doth the Reed.
 Each eye is fixed on the Eagles flight,
 When little Wrens deserue not any heed.
 The greatest men shall haue the greatest meed.
 Marke who so list, and they shall find it try'd
 " That all mens eares to Princes tongus are ty'd.
 Then

19

Then let the world attend King Edwards words
 (The second Edwards) matter fit for moane,
 Whose smiles gaue life, whose frownes did wound
 Whilst he did sit vpō y^e kingly throne. (like swords
 Nor minded now, nor moan'd by any one.

" So time (we see) cuts down with fatall blow

" As wel proud oakes, as humble shrubs below.

20

Imagine with your selues, you see him come
 From forth the deep darke Cauernes of the earth,
 Starued, and pin'd, Nothing but skin and bone
 In princely plentie suffering want and dearth,
 As naked as an infant at his birth. (plant:

" So pinching need doth pluck what pride did
 And waftfull Ryon is repay'd with want.

21

And thus (poore Prince) begins his tragick plaint,
 Am I the same that was first Edwards Sonne?
 By Nature borne to liue without restraint.

Were there for me so many trophies wonne?
 By Long-shanks, and such great atchiuements done?

I am the same; and he so great did leave me,
 As none (I thought) of Greatnes could bereave

22

(me,

But now I find by prooфе, that One there is
 (And well it is, that there is such an One)
 Who is not hood-winckt vnto our amisse,
 And he can pull vs from our kingly Throne,
 For all our Guards, our Forts, our walles of stone.

Know King, how great soever that thou be,
 The King of Kings still ruleth ouer thee.

23

Thou do'st command on Earth, well, be it so, (is:
 That Earth which thou comand'st, his foot-stoole
 Thy power but reacheth things that are below,
 Heau'n, Earth, and Hell are subiect vnto his.
 Th' Infernall Agents, and the spirits of blisse

His Seruants are, to execute his will,

III.

" What wants nor might, nor means to punish

24

I know, that Nature (apt to ouer-weene)
 May easily straine a Prince his thoughts to high,
 I know it is, and enermore hath beeene
 A common course, to flatter Maiestie.
 " Greatnesse is apt to sinne in surcudrie,
 (Yet though) like Hils we ouer-look low grounds,
 All vertuous Kings doe know they haue their

25

(bounds.

And therefore, though we haue Prerogatiues,
 Yet there are certaine limits to the same.
 Which keepes not Kings from being Superlatiues
 To sway (as Gods- Lieue-tenants) this faire frame,
 And those Aspirers merit death and shame,
 That doe repine against those supreame powers,
 Whom God hath made his ynderlings, not curs,

26

Yet grant their State free from coerciuue force,
 That giues not law lesse libertie in all,
 Kings must obserue a just and rightfull course,
 God is their King, by whom they stand or fall.
 Who all their acts to strickt account will call,
 Besides, their Oath, their vertue, their Renowne,
 Are Diamantine chaines to tye a Crowne.

And

27

And such as are not mou'd with these respects,
 But make their power to serue their will in all,
 Leue them to God, who ruine sand erects,
 Sets vp a *Dauid*, and puls downe a *Saul*.
 Hee prospers : Houses rise : he frownes : they fall,
 'Tis not discents, nor fortune, force, nor fate,
 But God supports, and God supplants a State.

28

Nine Kings had raigned since the Conquest here,
 Whom I succeeded in a rightfull line.
 My Father (all domesticke tumults clere)
 Did warre, and win in fruitfull Palestine.
 This Northerne Sunne eu'n to the East did shine,
 The French were fearfull hearing but his name,
 French, Scots, and Turkes externized his fame.

29

No Realme but did resound first *Edwards* praise,
 No praise was euer wonne with more deserts,
 And no deserts (though great) could counterpoise
 Much lesse out-balance his Heroyicke Parts, (Arts,
Mars taught him Armes, the Muses taught him
 Wherby so great he grew, that might there bee
 A loue on Earth, that earthly loue was he.

30

A King may leue his name vnto his Sonne,
 But to his Sonne, no King can leave his nature.
 In outward forme and shape they may seeme one.
 Hir posture, speech, his Countenance and feature.
 May make the Son be thought the selfsame creature.
 'Tis true, in face Sonnes may be like their Sires
 But faces like haue oft vnlike desires.

31

For why, our Bodies made of humaine seed
 Resemble them, whose matter was our making,
 Yea so farre forth as often times we read
 Of many grieves hereditarie, taking
 First roote from Parents loines: and not forsaking
 Their Iffues issue, vntill many Ages,
 Towefull matters most vnwelcome Pages.

32

But mindes not cast in any mortall mould,
 Infus'd from Heau'n, not tyed vnto succession.
 Are freely left, (for so the Maker woulde)
 Vnto his wise all-gouerning discretion,
 Like softned wax, apt to receive impression.
 But when the forme is once imprinted In
 "Tis hardly lost, what Nature first did win.

33

'Tis somewhat to bee borne of vertuous seed,
 An honest bellie beares a hopefull Sonne.
 And yet (we see) goods Parents often breed
 A wild and wicked Iffue, which doe run
 Most impious courses, till their liues be done.
 As was the Sire, the Sonne himselfe will fashion
 Is probable: but yet no demonstration.

34

That vertuous Romane great *Germanicus*
 One of the peerelesse worthies of that State,
 Begets *Caligula*, a Prince most vicious,
 Most bloudie, furious, and vnfortunate:
 How much *Domitian* did degenerate
 From his braue Sire, warlike *Vespasian*.
 Is not vnowne to euery knowing man.

The

35

The same is truly instanced in mee,
 For I was farre vnlke my worthy Sire.
 A sower Crab, from sweetest Apple-tree,
 A Cloudie smoake from Sun-bright shining fire.
 And that small good that Nature did inspire,
 By soothing tongues too soone was turn'd to Ill,
 So smallest frost vntimely fruit doth kill.

36

For when men did perceiue my youthfull Itch,
 To vaine delight, and saw my mind affected
 Vnto the flight, where pleasure made the pitch,
 How all my noble Studies were neglected,
 My youth with ease, my easle with Lust infected.
 Streight some sow'd pillowes vnderneath my sin,
 And prais'd that most, I most delighted in.

37

Vpon the earth where is that happie ground
 Wherein such answering Echoes are not heard?
 But most of all such pleasing voyces sound
 About Kings Courts, there find they best reward,
 And that's the chiefeſt end, that they regard,
 But that poore Prince which ſuch fliſes blow vpō.
 Shall ſcarcely know his owne Complexion.

38

Bleſt are thoſe times (faith an * Historian) Tacitus.
 The grauest, wiſeſt, worthieſt of that kind,
 Wherein 'tis lawfull for an honest man,
 Freely to thinke, to ſpeakē, to write his mind.
 And you great earthly Gods ſhall euer find
 More truely-loving hearts, in ſuch free tongaes.
 Then in th' impostum'd breath of flatt'ring lungs.
 Amongſt

39

Amongst the rest one Peirce of Gaeston
 (Pleasing in speech, and gracefull in behauour,
 One, that Indeed was second vnto none
 In winding in himselfe to great mens fauour,
 That by their hazards he might be the Sauer)

When he did spye the marke whereat I meant
 Streight gaue the meanes to giue my bow more

40

(bent)

VVe liu'd together eu'n from prime of yeares,
 VVhereby our joyn affections were combin'd,
 The muuall consort of our infant Pheeres
 Doth keepe a long possession of the mind,
 And many deepe impressions leaues behind,

VVouldst thou haue Loue to last beyond the
 The let it take beginning at the Wombe. (tomb

41

So hunts the Hound, and so the Hauke doth flye.
 As at the first entrance they are made, and man'd,
 And so those springing humours seldome dye.
 That in our first conceit Ingraued stand,
 Though childish loue seeme to be built on sand,
 Yet every one eu'n in himselfe may proue
 He likes it still, what he at first did loue.

42

Princes, that doe intend your Heires such good
 As shall enable them for to succeed,
 And no way to disparage their high blood,
 O let it be your most respectinge heed,
 To sow their tender yeeres with vertues seed.
 For so the well, or ill-manured field
 As it is till'd doth Corne or Coccole yeeld.

43

Inure their youth vnto their Peeres conuerse,
From whence, some seeds of liking first will grow;
VWhich eu'n the Soule it selfe in time will peirce
And proue a constant zeale: from whence will flow
All dutious offices, that men may shew.

And then, Desigues of Princes happiest proue
VWhen their great Peeres do serue, because they

44

(lone)

Besides, there is a secret trust repos'd,
In those, whom long assurance hath combin'd,
And when we know, how humors are dispos'd,
VVe frame our counsels fitter to the mind.

“ Vnlounded Natures sharpest judgements blind

“ And those we entertaine with diffidence
Of whom we haue but small experience.

45

So that to win a trust, to plant a Loue,
To gaine a settled Seruice of the Peeres,
It is the safest way, that Kings can proue,
To glew them close eu'n in their Infant yeeres,
And here my Fathers Error much appears,

VWho did ingraft me into Gaufston,

By so vnitting both our youths in one.

46

Hee was in face a Cupid, or more faire.
A Mercurie in speech, or else as much.
In active vigor hee was Mars his heire,
In wit none bred Minerva was not such.

But (O)these guifts will not abide the touch,
Except with Inward vertues of the mind.

Both beautie, speech, strength, wit are all refin'd.

Bug

47

But why should Nature set so faire a Glosse
 Vpon a mind, which siane did so deform? If or
I fe
I th
By
For
D
 Why should shee gild, and polish such base drosses?
 As if she did the Soules perfection scorne,
 And onely would Impietie adorne.

Or else seduce those mindes from judging right,
 Who doe conforme their censures to their sight. Th
Th
Th
Th
Lo
I

48

But oft we see a sweet and mild aspect,
 A comely presence, winning vpon all.
 A face that seemes all vertue to affect
 Doth hide a heart of stone, a mind of gall,
 A crabbed will, a Soule to sinne most thrall.

And therefore he in Iudgament shoothes awry
 That takes his leuell onely from his Eye. Th
Th
M
N
H

49

Because, the glorious inside of the mind
 Hath no dependance on the outward forme,
 In whiche, if erring Nature proue vnkind,
 And disproportions doe the shape deform
 Shee commonly endeauours to reforme

The bodies error, with the mindes supply,
 So richest Lemmes in Earths base entrailes lyce. A
(
H
B
A

50

" The face is false, the looke is but a lyer,
 " The habite and the heart doe much discent:
 " For good pretences cloake a bad desire.
 " Faire complements varnish a foule entent,
 " Who doth relye on them may chance repente.
 Which was my Case, and caus'd my ouerthrow;
 For I did prize the substance by the shew. I

51

If one may vse that word without controule,
 If euer any * Metempsicosis was.
 I thinke the last * Assyrians Monarchs soule
 By due descent to Gaufston did passe.
 For he a right Sardanapalus was:
 Drown'd in delights (if one may tearme them so)
 That hatch in lust, and breath their last in woe.

52

This highest Scholler in the Schoole of Siane,
 This Centaure, halfe a man, and halfe a Best,
 This pleasing Syren so my soule did win,
 That he was deere to mee aboue the rest
 Looke what he said, was Gospell at the leſt.
 Looke what he did, I made my President.
 So foone we learne, what wee too late repent.

53

This Angell-Diu'll thus shrined in my heart,
 This Dragon hauing got the golden fruit,
 My very Soule to him I did impart,
 Nor was I euer deaf vnto his suit.
 Hee acted all, I was a silent mute.

My being seem'd to be in him alone
 Plantaginet was turn'd to Gaufston.

54

And hauing feiz'd me thus into his hands
 (For feare belike least he shoulde bee diseased)
 Hee thought to tye me still in streighter bands
 By praizing that, wherwith my ſenſe was pleafeſed;
 Affirming, that our liuēs were to be eaſed
 Of many cumbers, which the curiouſe wife
 Had layd on men, the more to tyrannize.

For

55

For what are Lawes, but scrivile obseruacions
 Of this, or that, what pleas'd the Makers mind ?
 The selfe-conceited-sowen Imaginations
 Of working braines, which did in freedome find
 Our humaine state, w^{ch} they forsooth would bind
 To what they lik't, what lik't not, was forbidden,
 So Horse and Mule, with bitt and spur are ridden.

56

(serue

Which well inuiented scar-Crowes, though they
 For mud-borne men, to keepe them in some awe.
 Yet Princcs are not borne, so to obserue
 The strict precisenesse of th'incombring Law.
 Which their high state to base contempt doth draw.
 Kings made those lawes, & Ks. may break thē now
 That pleas'd them then, & this now pleaseth you.

57

No, no (sweet Prince) saith he, There is no law
 Can bind a King, but onely his desire.
 And that full well Th' Assyrians Monarcks saw,
 Who had before them borne consuming Fire.
 (Embleme of Regall power) which all admire
 But none must touch, for feare of following harms
 For Fire we know consumes, as well as wormes.

58

The Spiders web holds fast the silly Fly.
 The Hornet breakes It, like a mighty Lord,
 That * King of Kings when he could not vntye
 The Gordian knot diuides it with his Sword.
 That Act of his fit matter doth afford
 For President : were I, as thou shalt bee.
 No Law at all, should giue a law to mee.

Alexander
magnus.

Except

59

Except it were the golden law of Nature,
 Sweet Nature, (sweetest Mother of vs all)
 Who hath infus'd thus much into each Creature
 To loue the Honey, and to loath the Gall,
 To serue delight, not to be Sorrow's thrall;

For pleasure doth with Nature so agree,
 As Bees with biae, as Honey with the Bee.

60

For in the Prologue of our Infant play.
 Eu'n in our Cradle, wee doe cry, and yell
 For Nurses breast : why so ? For food (you'll say)
 'Tis true : and food (say I) doth please vs well,
 As Hunger seemes to bee a second Hell.

So that (in truth,) The motiue of our Cry,
 Is to bee fed, and to bee pleas'd thereby.

61

As in our Prologue, so in our next A&T
 (I meane in Childish yeares) who doth not see
 That every thought of ours, and word, and fact
 Doe ay me at Sport, at Pastime, and at glee ?
 Which daily cares, and nightly studies bee.

Witnes the checks, the Rods, the blowes we take
 The many blowes, and all for Pleasures sake.

62

But when our Youth doth step vpon the Stage,
 (The sweetest part, that any man can play)
 Then pleasing Loue, & hope (loues pleasing page)
 And Courage (hops Attendant night, and day)
 And fortune seldom saying Courage Nay

With full-sayl'd course doth carry vs amaine,
 To seek the Coast, where ful content doth raigne.

Not

63

Not staying here, still Nature drawes vs on
 To new delights, but of a diuers kind,
 For middle Age to Armes will needs be gone,
 With honours sweets to feed his hungry mind,
 And what is Honour but a pleasing wind?

Theriffoles:

Remember what, the famous* Graecian fayes,
 The sweetest Musickē is a Mans owne praise.

64

Next elder-Age, and Siluer-seeming hayres
 By Nature run full chace still after pleasure.
 For (O) the solace of the waning yeeres!
 To view their Rudducks, & their heaps of treasure
 To weigh, and tell their gold at every leasure
 How great it is; speake they, that rather choos
 Gold should loose them: then they their gold

65 (would loose)

The Epilogue of all our former time
 More hunts for joy then any of the rest.
 Decrepit Age doth pray before the prime,
 VVith weeping eyes, and knocks vpon his Brest
 And giues his Almes, to them that are distrest,
 And what's his end? that he might Heau'n obtain
 " And what is Heau'n, but pleasure void of paine?

66

And as the mind hath motions to affect,
 So haue we meanes to satisfie the mind.
 " Our little world is made with much respect,
 Our Mother Nature hath bin wise and kind;
 By whom, we haue apt Organons assign'd
 To execute, what so our thoughts intend,
 " And all our thoughts ay me at some pleasing end.

67

Is not the Head the store-house of conceit
 Plotting the meanes, to compasse our delight?
 Our Eyes Attendants, that doe daily waite
 Vpon such objects, as may please the sight?
 Witnesse the cherry-cheeke, & brow milk-white.

Witnesse no other witnesse, but thy wifh,
 How sight, and Soule, both likes, and longs for

68

(this.)

What mind, what man, what man of any mind
 That is not touch'd, & mou'd with Musicks sound?
 Whose deepe Impressions worke in bruitish kind,
 As Dolphynes, Else Arion had bin drown'd.
 The saluage beasts, that would not Orphem wound
 The fencelis stonyes, whō Phœbus harp did moue
 Doe witnesse all, how all doe Musick loue.

69

The bubling murmur of a sliding Spring
 That seemes to rutine with sweet, yet fulle mind.
 By which the winged Quiers in Confort sing
 VVith faire-fac't Eunuches (the defects of kind)
 VVhose Notes are answer'd by a soft still wind.
 Some dear lou'd Dame, bearing her part w^t kisses
 Who would not thinke that place a beau' n of

70

(blisses?)

As head, and eares, and Eyes ; So are our hands
 Flesh-hookes to draw, and gather all vnto vs
 That with our pleasure, or our profit stands,
 Thrusting aside, what euer may vndoe-vs
 For which Imployments are allotted to vs
 Two hands, two feet, The Agents of our wills.
 To follow rest, and flye from restlesse illis.

C

" So

71

" So likewise, in the structure of this frame
 " What is not made with admirable Art ?
 So likewise in the guidance of the same,
 What is deny'd vs, that may please the heart ?
 Most sencelesse man (what man so e're thou art)
 That in the very fulnesse of luch store,
 By wilfull wants wilt make thy selfe most poore.

72

In heate of Summer, when the burning Sunne
 Doth crust the Earth, are there not shadie bowers ?
 Are there not Riuers, that doe mildly runne ?
 And now, and then some cooling dewie showers
 To keepe the beautie of the blooming flowers ?
 Wherwith our mother Earth (so fairely drest)
 Seemes, to invite her sonnes to pleasures feast.

73

I will not speake of every dayes delight
 They are so various, full of Rarities.
 But are there nor sweet pleasures for the night ?
 Maskes, Revels, Banquets, mirthfull Comedies,
 Night-Sunnes, (kind Natures dearest Prodigies)
 Which worke in men with powerfull Influence,
 As having their first life, best motion thence.

74

O glorious Peeces, (the best giufts of Heau'n)
 Fairer then those faire lights, that make Earth faire,
 Why were you vnto wretched mortals giu'n
 But to bee Cordials 'gainst heart-eating Care,
 B'Imparting vnto vs your beauties rare ?

You are the Starres, which when the Sun is see
 Both heate, and light, and life in vs beget.

Hath

75

Hath then the Mauer of this glorious round
 So wisely fitted euery thing to pleasure,
 And seemes hee not his Order to confound
 That to delight doth limit sparing measure?
 And makes him-selfe vnworthy of such treasure?
 Is't euer like, He would haue made things thus
 But that they shoulde bee fully vs'd by vs?

76

And that I may not runne about the field
 But keepe my selfe in Compasse of the Ring.
 I will omit the rich, and fruitfull yeeld
 Of pleasure, pointing onely at the Spring,
 The taste whereof, such perfect joy doth bring.
 As I doe thinke, no other Heau'n there Is,
 Heau'n pardon me; If I doe thinke amisse.

77

That is (sweet Ned) the Paradise of Loue,
 The joy of Life, and life of our conceit,
 The heau'ly Fire, infused from aboue,
 On which the Muses, and the Graces wayt;
 The Bodies health, Harts hope, and Natures bayt,
 The quintiffece, of pure essentiall sweet.
 The point, where all the lines of Pleasures meet.

78

Sweet loue, that hast sweet beauty for thine obiect
 Kind loue, that knits in One two severall hearts.
 Great loue, to whom the greatest King is subiect;
 Pure loue, that sublimates our Earthly parts,
 And makes them ayerie by Ingenious Arts.

O let my Ned, my Prince, my Ione possesse
 The joyes, I would, but cannot well expresse.

79

And thou (deare Ned) experience but the pleasure
 Try what it is to loue, and bee required,
 And I will pawne my life, (my greatest treasure)
 Witch one sweet night, thou wilt be so delighted,
 That thou wilt wish, y world were still benighted;
 Then say (sweet Prince) when thou the same dost
 No heau'n but joy: Nor any joy but loue. (proue

80

O see the fruits of an ill gouern'd wit,
 VVhen the sharpe Edge thereof, is turn'd awry.
 VVhen the best graces make men apt, and fit
 To blazon, and to tricke Impietie:
 To lay faire Colours on foule Sinne, whereby
 Th' Abused sence, (deluded with false shewes)
 On a most loathsome witch Inamor'd growes.

81

Wee need no Tutors, to bee taught to sinne,
 Wee sucke that lesson from our mothers brest.
 Nature is easly drawne, to trade therein,
 For that's the trafficke that doth please vs best,
 Sinne is a bold, a most intruding guest;
 And will not bee kept out, doe what wee can
 There's such an vniōn betwixt Sinne, and Mat.

82

What need Invitement? why should Art bee vs'd
 To draw that on, which wee too much desire?
 VVhy should our ablest Graces bee abus'd
 To powre more oyle vpon a flaming Fire? (higher
 But mounting Spirits that faine would soare vp
 Regard not what they doe, nor what they say,
 They to their owne ends may make their way.

nd

83

And then indeed, they are most dangerous
 When they are arm'd with Learning, wit, and skil.
 Wholesome Ingredients proue most mischievous
 Being apply'd, onely to strengthen Ill ;
 For then they worke too much vpon the will.

And that full well such damned Doctors know,
 Which makes them vse their Art & cunning so,

84

It is a certaine truth : The best of all
 Beeing Corrupted, turnes vnto the worst.
 And so, those hellish Spirits, before theyr fall
 Most blessed(chang'd from what they were at first)
 Are now most vile, and wretched, most accurst.
 Looke, what degree of Goodnes, things retaine
 Whilst they are good, being Ill, they so remaine.

85

But to proceed ; By these, and like discourses
 (Whereat thy mayden muse may blush for shame)
 This *Gaveston*, imbark'd mee in such Courses
 As caus'd my Fathers grieve, mine owne defame.
 Whilst I went on, not sensible of shame,
 Nor of my Fathers grieve, nor heau'ns just doome
 Nor any future danger, that might Come.

86

O see, how soone our sweetest buds are blasted,
 How soone our fairest colours loose their flourish,
 How easily are the Seeds of vertue wasted ?
 And noysome weeds of vice how much we nourish
 Which do ſy Soule of her chief wealth impouerifh.

Youth (apt to stray) is easily led awry,
 We fall by Nature, what need Flatterie ?

C 3

And

87

And yet, it hath too much, to worke vpon,
 The vnexperience of our younger yeares,
 The heat of bloud, the furie of affection,
 Vngrounded hopes, and vaine surmized feares,
 The courses entertain'd by like compeeres.

Our selfe conceit, our Parents watchfull Eye.

Nay, eu'ndesert, make all for flatterie.

88

And soone it will the least aduantage find,
 Whereby it may creepe into mens conceit.
 Obseruing first, to what they are inclin'd.
 Which once perceiu'd, It fits the humour streight,
 Still keeping fashion, but still wanting weight.

In complements most seemingly precise,
 And that's th'abused maske to blind weake eyes.

89

But like, as those diseases faster grow,
 Whose moving causes our Complexions feed.
 So farre more dangerous is this priuate foe
 That doth attire him selfe in friendships weed,
 Then he that shewes his hate by open deed. (one
 For Armes, or Lawes, or Friends may fence the
 The other God himselfe must shield, or none.)

90

So *Simon* did the *Troian* State confound,
 So guilded Tombes are full of rotten Earth,
 So Crocodiles although they weepe, they wound,
 So Panthers circumuent with their sweet breath,
 So Syrens though they sing, their tunes are death.
 And yet, as fish bite most at hony-baytes
 Eu'n so are men most caught with sweet deceites.

There-

91

Therefore be pleas'd to heare a plaine discourse,
 Suspect the tongue, that's still tun'd to the eare:
 Faire truth is not for nakednesse the worse.
 But falsehood many Ornamentes must weare,
 Least all her foule deformities appeare.

Which Art can flourish ouer, fit for Courte,
 Whilſt ſimple truth to deserts doth reſort.

92

And this is that vast Sea of miserie
 In which, the greatest Monarks moſt are drown'd,
 That they are ſeldome free from flatterie.
 Pretences being colourably found,
 To ſooth that humour, that doth moſt abound.
 And ſo the Prince runs on from ill, to worse.
 But ſtill perſwaded beſt of his bad course.

93

V Vhereby the danger on himſelfe doth fall.
 The gaine vnto the Fauorite accrewes.
 For wronged Subjects, being grieu'd withall,
 Forgetting duty, impioſly purſues
 Meanes of reuenge : whence danger oft infues.
 Meane while the man, that fed the humour ſo
 Falls off perhaps, and ſcapes the comming blow.

94

Therefore let Kings preter them, that are plaine,
 And make thoſe great, that doe not greatnes feare.
 Such ſerue their Lords for loue, and not for gaine.
 They are Jewels of the heart, not of the eare.
 They will diſcouer dangers, that are neare.

V Vhen oyled tongues will ſtill make all ſecure,
 " And careleſſe greatneſſe euer stands vnfure.

95

But why should I give rules, when I kept none?
 Why should I teach, and never could obey?
 Onely for this: where I was ouerthrowne
 Others may Looke, least they bee cast away.
 And they that make this vse, thrice happie they.
 Because, by others wracks themselves may reade.
 How to prevent they rowne mishaps with heed.

96

Sooth'd thus in sinne, all goodnesse was forgotten,
 My Fathers words of no esteeme were growne,
 And I that scarce seem'd ripe, was straight found
 Like fruit that is frō tree vntimely blown. (rotten)
 But that tooke root, which Gaveston had sowne.
 And sprouted so, that it did seed at last:
 So worthless weeds (we see) do grow too fast.

97

For at the first, I was ashaid of Sinne,
 But sinne did say, my greatest sinne was shame.
 Then by degrees I did delight therein,
 And from Delight, I did desire the same.
 And my Desires so prosperously did frame.

That now the chiefeſt Quere, was this One.

Whether were worse my ſelfe, or Gavefon...

98

It is a certaine truth: Men doe not touch
 The highest point of wickednesse at first.
 " Habites or good, or bad, proue to bee ſuch
 " By often vſe; Sinne thrives as It is nurſt.
 And therefore, kill this Cocatrice (accurst)
 Whilſt 'tis an Egge; for if It hatch, and grow,
 It will at laſt proue a commanding Foe.

This

99

This did my aged Father well perceiue,
 And with sad teares (the Messengers of moane)
 He did bewayle himselfe, that he should leaue
 His Crewne to me, and me to *Gauerton*)
 I in my sonne (saith he) am ouerthowne.

My blisse my bane; my peace procures my strife.
 First Edward dyes, in Second Edwards life.

100

To bee a Father was my onely Joy
 And now my griefe it is, to bee a Father :
 Why should my solace turne to mine annoy ?
 Why planted I Harts-ease, and Rue must gather ?
 As I did sow, I should haue reaped rather.

My hopefull haruest protes but baleful weeds,
 And for the bloud I gaue, my heart now bleeds.

101

For (Oh) how neere a touch doth Nature giue?
 How searching are the sufferings of our blood ?
 How much the Fathers soule doth joy, or grieue,
 When he doth see his Issues bad, or good,
 Is hard of any to bee vnderstood

Except by such, whose feeling bowels fiaid,
 What deepe Impressions do proceed from kind.

102

Wise was the Prince, who playing with his Son,
 And teaching him to ride vpon a Reed.
 To whom a great Ambassador did come,
 And seem'd to blush at his so childish deed.
 Doe not (quoth he) to censure it proceed.

I onely craue a respite of thy doome.
 Till thou thy selfe art Father of a Sonne.

Infer-

103

Inferring, that there is a secret loue,
 Which vntouch'd hearts can hardly comprehend.
 Would God, the same reciprocall might proue.
 Oh that kind Nature did sometimes ascend.

Parents too oft in Indulgence offend

But Sonnes more oft in duty proue defective,
 These weyward times are grown so vnrespectiue.

104

Nature so wrought, that *Cressus* Sonne cry'd out,
 Who from his birth before had not spoke word.
 When he did see a Souldier goe about,
 To kill the King his Father, with a sword.
 Could Nature then such Presidents afford?
 Was she so powerfull then, now weakened so.
 That Sonnes themselues, do work their Fathers

105

(woe?)

Or was he not my Sonne? did brutish lust
 So fire the affections of my dearest Queene
 That she vnto my bed should proue vniust?
 And by some other, not my selfe should teeme?
 O farre bee't from my soule, so to misdeeme.

Sweet flower of Castile, sacred was thy vow,
 If euere wife were true, that wife wert thou.

106

O *Elianor*, thou wert too good a piece,
 Once to admit the smallest shew touch,
 Take all the chaldest Dames of Rome, or Greece,
 VVhereoffore going Ages speake so much,
 They can but say at best, That they were such

As I knew thee to bee: and perhaps too.

Time more then Truthe permits them so to doe.

III-

107

Ill-gouern'd Ned, although my soule doth hate
 Thy vitiuous Errors, as the Stigian floud,
 Which will proue dangerous to thy selfe, & State,
 Yet Nature workes so much vpon my blood,
 As that I cannot choose, but wish thy good.

If euer thou in *Himens* bands be ty'd.

Such as thy Mother was, such be thy Bride.

108

And in that onely wish Included is
 The chiefest, choysest good, that thou can'st find.
Summa T oralis of all earthly blisse
 Is such a wife, as is both wise, and kind.
 Chaste, sober, silent, faire in face, and mind.

And such was she: when therfore thou dost erre,
 'T is from thy selfe alone, and not from her.

109

But foolish man why doe I blame my Sonne?
 Whose yet vnknowing yeeres by Ill adnise
 Being led away: A dangerous course doth run.
 For Youths hot bloud forgets old Ages yce,
 And while his hand is in, doth throw the dice

At all that pleasure sets: and thinks to gaine,

If with the Bye he can discharge the maine.

110

Sweet Ned, I blame not thee, but *Ganeston*.
 For he it is that fitteth at the helme (blowne
 And steeres thy course, with his wind thou art
 Nor will he leauue, till he doth ouerwhelme
 In deepest gulfe, thy selfe, and all this Realme,
 For stirring spirits doe troubled streames desire.
 And then thrive best, when all is set on fire.

Ob.

III

Obserue with all those States that doe decline,
 How apt they alwayes are for Innouation.
 How much they doe 'gainst publike good repine,
 And hopefully expect an Alteration.
 That whil'st things are unsetled, out of fashion.
 They may close vp the wounds they had before,
 And by that meanes their priuate wants restore.

III 2

Therefore let those that haue a grounded State,
 And may liue well, joyne close in any wise
 Against all such, as seekes to Innovate,
 If not in duty, yet in sound aduice
 To keepe such downe, as hope perhaps to rise
 Vpon their ruines, whose reuenewes may
 Cut short their liues, sure proue thespoilers pray.

III 3

And with these linkes such Spirits as faine would
 But are by former great Ones still supprest, / rise,
 And such doe dangerous Stratagems devise,
 Nor will their Eager hopes affor'd them rest.
 But mount they must, who-euer be deprest.

And little doe they force the States confusion.
 So thereby they to greatness make Intrusion.

III 4

And to this End, they are obsequious still,
 They sooth, they fawne, they seeme officious.
 They fit themselves to their great mouers will.
 Bee't good, or bad, just, or Iniurious.
 They serue eu'n turnes base, and luxurios
 But I'le prouide a wholesome Mithredate
 So to preuent the poysons of the State.

And

115

And firmly settled in this resolution,
By strict command was Gaunt^{on} exil'd.
I begg'd of him to stop the Execution.

But then my Father shak'd his head, and smil'd,
O Ned (fairest he) how much art thou beguyl'd
To foster that which will thy downe-fall be,
And warme the Snake, that will inuenom thee.

116

I wish'd my selfe an Echo at that word,
That I might boldly then haue answered: Thee
For neuer was there sharpest-edged sword
That wounded more, thē that same wounded me.
But goe he must, such was the King decree.

And when he went, then dy'd my bloud-lesse
So doth the Body from the soule depart. (heart,

117

The former times haue held it policie
That some offendors should abjure the Land,
But 'tis indeed an idle vanitie,
And with no rules of regiment can stand,
For if the matter be with Iudgement scann'd

It will appeare to men considerate
That Abiuration hurts both Prince and State.

118

I doe not meane of men, that are not mist,
(For who respects the hummings of a Gnat)
Such atomys may wander where they list,
Their muddie pates can neither frame the plat,
Nor feeble hands worke danger to the State,

Let men of Note be mark'd; and wary heed
Be had of them, that may disturbance breed.

And

119

Rich.2. And 'tis not safe, to banish such an One
 As may find meanes to worke his owne returne.
 So *Bolenbroke stept into *Richards throne. Hen.4
 And hee had leisure, afterwards to mourne
 His foolish fault : Such med'cines may adjourne
 The present paine a while : But makes the sore
 Toake more felly, then It did before.

120

Mild drugs may stirre the humours that abound,
 But will not quite expell the growing Ill ;
 The Root and Body both remaining sound
 Although the tree be lopt, It thrives It still.
 And when thou haft the Axe, to vse at will
 Strike at the Root ; and fell it to the ground,
 Rather then pare the boughes, & branches round.

121

For 'tis lost labour, to begin with them,
 They needs must wither, if the other dye.
 And doe not feare, though vulgar breath condemne
 Thy Cariage in such courses, whose weake Eye
 " Lookes at the present only : And thereby
 Values the rest : " Doe thou make good thy end,
 " The common sort will euer be thy friend.

122

Wise Long-shankes, yet in this thou wert not wise:
 If thou hadst tooke the head of *Gaveston*,
 Those subsequent disasters that did rise
 From him, had bin preuented euery-one :
 Thy Sonne had not bin sholdred from his throne;
 Thy people slaine, nor Realme to ruine brought ;
 But so God workes, till all his will be wrought.
 " And

123

- ' And the whole List of Nature serues his will,
 Our felues are Instruments vnto his ends.
 Hen. 4 Our most reserved drifts hee vseth still.
 rne To worke those purposes, which hee Intends ;
 sore Though our deuices ay me at other ends.
 and, " He is the Master-wheele, and makes vs strike
 und. No otherwise, then hee himselfe doth like.

124

- My Gaveston thus driu'n into exile,
 My selfe Committed like a Captiuе thrall ;
 (For so my Father kept mee short a while)
 With bitter Curses I did banne them all,
 I dranke my Teares, and fed vpon my Gall.
 I chaf'd, and storm'd, yet could I not preuaile.
 " Needs must : will be, faine would : doth often

125

(faile.

- Then were my Colours turn'd to mournfull blacke
 And I put on the Liuerie of Care.
 Like to the hopelesse Sea-man in a wracke
 That sees the greedy wanes denour his share ;
 No otherwise, did thoughtfull Edward fare.

When sad remembrance in my soule did plant
 His lot , my losse ; His woe, my pleasures want.

126

- The chiefest Cordiall of my grieued Soule,
 The one, and only Period of my paine.
 Was this : That Death (admitting no Controule)
 Would end my Fathers wrath, his Life, his Raigne
 And then (thought I) Ned will haue Pierce again.

When Englands Crowne shall make a Ione of me
 Then Gaveston my Ganimed shall bee,

As

127

As I did hope, so had my hopes successe.
 For shortly after dy'd my noble Sire.
 Whil'st he prepar'd the Scots for to supprese.
 Low now (quoth I) I haue my hearts desire.
Long shankes is dead : His water, Ayre, and fire
 Are turn'd to Earth: and earthly might he bee,
 That on the Earth did keepe a Crown from me.

128

Yet in that sad dismayfull hour of dying,
 No griefe did him more feelingly possest,
 Then that his vicious Sonne all vertue flying
 Should ruine that, by ryot, and excelle.
 Which he had built with so great carefulnesse.
 And therefore, for to weane me from such Sins.
 These well turn'd Notes this dying Swan begins.

129

My Sonne (quoth he) (for in that name of zeale
 My words may proue of more effectuall power)
 Why should'st thou so with thy sicke Father deal?
 As to torment him in his parting houre.
 Whose life hath had his portion full of sower.
 And yet to make my measure fuller still,
 My Sonne doth daily adde vnto my ill,

130

I know what 'tis eu'n sometimes by extremes
 To keepe the Crowne vpright vpon the head.
 I know the troubled sleeps and fearefull dreames,
 That houer still about a Princeely bed.
 " The worme of greatnessse (Iealousie) is bred.
 " Out of it selfe; yet this I know withall,
 Our powerfull sway doth sweeten all our gall.
 But

131

But for thy selfe, and for my heart-breake griefe
 That out of thy sin-ship wrack'd youth doth grow
 No Circumstance yeelds colout of relieve.
 The cause excuselesse, Limitlesse the woe
 That doth from thy full Sea of follies flow.
 For soulest faults proceed from pow erfull III.
 And Subiects sort themselues to Princes still.

132

Thou do'st not onely by thy vicious living
 Bereauue thy Soule of blisse, which vertue wins.
 But also, by the ill-example giuing
 Thou do'st incite weake mindes vnto like sinnes.
 " For certaintly, the Subiect euer swims
 Iust with the streame : so growing like to thee.
 A generall Deluge of all sinne will bee.

133

Much better had It bin : Thou hadst not bin,
 Then that thy being should so ruine all.
 O wherefore was thy birth-day euer scene ?
 If by thy life, The State It selfe doth fall. (call.
 To those foule sins, which wrath from Heau'n doe
 By whose just doome such states confounded are
 By forreine fury, or domestick warre.

134

For when the seed of sin to ripenesse growes
 Then Iustice with a sythe doth mow It downe
 This, this It is, that Kingdomes ouerthrowes.
 Layes wast the fields, vnpeoples every Towne.
 Or if not so, disorders yet the Crowne.
 VVhich, though It proue no generall desolation
 Yet many mischieves grow by Innouation.

D

VVhen

135

When my heau'n-seeking soule shall leaue her Inn,
 And this my flesh clos'd in a house of Clay.
 Then will my shame suruise me in thy finne.
 And babes ynborne, will ban my birth, and say;
 His wretched life, gaue life to our decay.

And had no other ill by him bin done.

Me fina'd too much, in getting such a Sonne.

136

Did I for this endure the dust and Sunne?
 Dislodge at mid-night, Marchin mid-dayes heate?
 Were Turkish, French, V Welch, Scottish Trophees
 Was all my care employ'd, to make thee great, (wō
 That finne might dispossesse thee of thy Seat?

O then, I see that greatnessse soone is gone,
 VVhen God drawes not the pler, man builds

137

(vpon.

And my devining Solue doth sadly see
 Thy Ruine in thy ryot: Ah my Ned
 VVhen I am gone, a King then shalt thou be,
 But if thou still be with thy passions led,
 Thoa wilt not keepe the Crowne vpon thy head.
 My Soule now parting from her earthly Cage
 Fore-tels thee so in her Propheticke rage.

138

And those predictions seldomse vse to faille
 VVhich she vnfolds in her last extasie.
 Shee's ready now to quit her fleshly jayle
 And now she tels thec with free libertie
 Thy Raigne, thy life will end in miserie,
 If still thou keep'st the wyes, thou now art in.
 And dost not leaue thy mind, and meanes to sin
 yself

139

V Vell So I feele my faukering tongue doth faille,
 Therefore this short Abridgement I doe make.
 Feare God, Loue goodnesse, let the right preuaile,
 Shun sodaine courses, Parasites forlacke.
 Disfauour not thy Peeres, their Councells take
 In thy desygnes : Reuoke not *Ganefton*,
 For he will proue the Canker of thy Throne.

140

Pursue those Scottish warres I haue in hand,
 And for because my Soule did make a vow
 Vnto my God : to serue in Holy- Land.
 From which, This sicknesse Interdicts me now,
 Though death disable me, yet doe it thou.
 Embowell me, and thither beare my heart,
 That in that worthy worke I may haue part.

141

And you my Lords (speaking vnto his Peeres)
 Whose wealth, and greatnes I haue much Increas'd
 Bee Fathers to my Sonnes vntored yeeres.
 Loue him for me, though *Long-shanks* be deceas'd:
 Let *Ganeftons* exile be not releas'd.
 Lest his repeale occasion ciuill strife
 And so first Edward ends both speech, and life.

142

(mon,

Thus death, that Herald that eu'n Kings doth sum,
 The Pursuuant, that doth attatch proud Peeres.
 The Cittie-Sergeant, whose arrest is Common,
 The errant-Baylisse, that one Procelle beares,
 And no place bounds, but serues it in all shires.
 The generall Surveyor of each-one
 Did bring my Father to his longest home.

143

Whose obsequies, and Ceremonies done.
 Thé I was crown'd: me thought the Sun did dance,
 And that faire Thames with siluer streams did run.
 Me thought, the Stars did all applaud the chance,
 That did my State vnto a Crowne aduance.

Smile Starres, dance Sunne, and Riuier run with
Carnsruan Edward is a God on Earth. (mirth,

144

But all the Starres to blazing Comets turn'd,
 Whose sad vprise prefag'd my drearie fate.
 The Riuers seem'd, as if they wept, and Mourn'd.
 The Sun did neuer shine vpon my state.
 Starres, streames, and Sun, saw me vnfortunate.

Disastrous man, so borne to suffer wracke,
 As is the Æthiop to be alwayes blacke.

145

Obserue the man, whom fates haue slau'd to griefe
 See how the wretch, that's destin'd Fortunes foe
 Will be a rub, to turne away relieve (woe,
 Eu'n from himselfe, and worke his owne-wrought
 Harme after him : he after harme shall goe.

(Fore-spoken man) he's neuer but successlesse,
 Himselfe his hurt, and yet his hurt redreslesse.

146

Nay eu'n those very meanes which he shall vse
 In good discretion to preuent the clap
 Shalbe returned vnto his abuse.
 And serue for pullies of his owne mishap:
 So though he see, he shall not shuu the trap:

And if his ruine were not ripe before,
 His owne designes shall hasten it the more.

147

The King of * Epire, fearing death at home,
Fore-warn'd thereof by former Prophesie.
To Itealie forthwith must needs be gone.
So to preuent his fate by policie.
But Still hee's followed by his destinie.

ALEXAN.
DER Epire

In Italie he findes an Acharon,
The fatall flood, from which he would be gone.

148

Fourth Henrie was by some blind Bard fore-told,
That he should neuer dye, till he had seene
Jerusalem: fourth Henry will be old.
Jerusalem for him shall be vnseene.
No, he shall see it, when he least doth weene.
He sownes at prayers, and by religious men
Is streight conuey'd vnto *Jerusalem*.

149

(So was the Chamber cal'd, where he was lay'd)
And shortly after dy'd the noble King.
“ In vaine man striues: the heau'ns will be obay'd.
“ We may fore-know, but not preuent a thing.
“ Our selues will neuer cease vntill we bring
“ Our Fates to full effect: and what we doe
“ Shall be but lines, to leade vs thereunto.

150

For first, I doe those Counsellors remoue
That in my Fathers time had borne most sway.
Whereby I did disarme me of their Loue,
To practices, and discontents made way.
Expose my selfe to Enuy: open lay
To disaduantage, wanting their aduice,
Whom long experience had made deeply wise.

D 3

Besides.

151

Besides, I did the publike State some wrong.
 So to cast off those grounded Polititians,
 Who knew to gouerne, by commanding long.
 Had seene, and well obseru'd mens dispositions.
 And so could tell, whien, where, how Impositions
 Were to be rais'd: how to auoyd offence.
 How to gaine men, & ends with faire pretence.

152

Who likewise knew, how other Kingdomes flood,
 The concordances of each neighbouring state
 How Realmes best correspond for eythers good.
 How to make Leagues, how to negotiate.
 When to breake off, whento Incorporate.
 How farre Remotes, and neare. Confiners too.
 Are to be weigh'd, as they haue meanes to doe.

153

'Tis not the practice of a day, or twaine.
 'Tis not the Schoole, or Sophisters debate.
 'Tis not the froth of euery working braine.
 'Tis not the start into a neighbouring State.
 That works men fit to beare a Kingdomes weight.
 When men are fully made, employ them then,
 'For 'tis an Art of Arts to gouern men.

154

Therefore I lay It for a certaine ground,
 Which new-made Princes must not violate
 (Except they will the Common-wealth confound)
 Not to discard those men, that know the State,
 Whose long experience doth ingenerate
 A true, and readie Method to command.
 Both for the Princes good, and for the Land.

155

What got the youthfull Sonne of *Solomon*
 By his neglect at that Sage-sound advice
 VVhich from his Fathers Councillors did come ?
 Did It not turne vnto his prejudice ?
 Did not ten Tribes fall from him in a trice ?
 VVhich neuer could be glew'd againe in one
 After that rupture and disunion,

156

Besides this fault, scarce settled in my State :
 I streight recall'd exiled *Ganeston*.
 Who by my many fauours grew so great,
 That I did seeme for him, to liue alone.
 I *Alexander*: He *Hephestion*.
 O no, I wrong them to vsurpe their names,
 Our loues were like, but farre vnlke our fames.

157

Here I did violate my Fathers will.
 And all respect of dutie did despise.
 " To wrong the dead, is Sacraligious Ill,
 A clog which on the Conscience euer lyes.
 And at the latest gaspe for vengeance cryes.
 VVhat fears, how many doubts lurk close wthin
 That restlesse soule, that's guiltie of this Sinne ?

158

VVhen all his joynts are rack'd with dying paine.
 VVith cold dead sweat all couer'd ouer quite.
 What thorny thoughts will the distract his brain?
 How shall he dare t' approach his fathers sight ?
 VVhose dying words he liuing set so light.
 He'll feare his friends, suspect his wife, and Son,
 And sighing thinke : They'l doe as I haue done.

159

It is too Common, to betray the trust
 That is in friends by Testators repos'd. (just.
 But marke Gods Iudgements, how seuere, how
 How to the Nature of the Sinne dispos'd,
 Eu'n I my selfe was by my Sonne depos'd.

I that infring'd my dying Fathers heft,
 Was in my life, by my owne Sonne distrest.

160

Me, that did wrong a Sire, a Sonne did wrorg.
 I that did shew my selfe degenerate
 As I had sown, so did I reape er'e long,
 Such sinne It is, our Faith to violate.
 O deepest doome, of all fore-seeing fate
 How wisely are thy fearefull Iudgements fitted?
 To punish sinne, as Sinne was first Committed.

161

The Gyants heap't vp hills, to climbe the Sky,
 I honours heap'd, that *Ganeston* might climbe,
 They did contend with *Jone*, and fell thereby.
 He with my Peeres, and perish'd in his prime.
 They thriu'd at first, but fell in after time.

His Prologue sweet, but sad was his last A&t.
 So fairest glasse (men say) is soonest crackt.

162

These were the honours, that he did attaine,
 The Earle of *Cornewall*, and the Lord of *Man*,
 Chiefe Secretarie, Lord great Chamberlaine.
 And for his wife he *Glestes* sister wan.
 Aspiring men, see how great Monarchs Can. (uor.
 Aduarce their states, whom they do daine to fa-
 " Who serues v King, doth seldom lose hislabor.
 Though

163

Though Poets fictions seeme to sauour much
 Of Idle Errour, yet they haue their sence.
 King *Midas* turn'd to Gold all hee did touch,
 The Morall this : The fauour of a Prince
 His gracious touch may gild without offence
 The greatest wants : and make him for to soare
 A loftie Pitch, that flagg'd the wing before.

164

Not all the painfull passages one spends
 In serious Contemplation of deepe Arts,
 Not any-one Imployment so commends
 The Agent (though a man of rarest parts)
 As when the Prince but One sweet smile Imparts
 One Looke of Loue, One Eye-glance of delight
 Hath power to change darke Clouds, to Sunnes

165 (most bright.)

The Eyes of Kings, are more then simply Eyes
 They are the Starres that doe predorminate
 Th'affayres of men, and in theyr Influence lyes
 The good, or bad of every-ones estate.
 They are the *Primum Mobile* of Fate.

They whirle about our Fortunes as they list.

And as they fauour, men are Curst, or Blist.

166

A Kings smooth brow, Is the true dwelling place
 Of Honour, wealth, dependancies, respect.
 And in his frownyng fore-head Liues disgrace,
 Death, Exile, want, a generall neglect,
 A world of wrongs let that poore wretch expect.

Bee it : All Riuers to the Sea must runne.

And every Light receiue light from the Sunne.

Let

167

Let them bee great, whom Kings resolute to grace,
It is a Priuiledge, that is theyr owne.

To rayse such as they please to wealth, or place,
Is truely proper to the Kingly throne
And hath not bin deny'd to any. One.

Lewes th'eleventh did say hee spent his Raigne,
In making, and in marring men againe.

168

Some by the Schoole, some by þ Lawes do mount,
Some by the Sword, and some by Nauigation.

All stremes haue heads, though not the selfe-same
Shall onely Kings admit a Limitation (fount;

How high, for what desert, or of what Nation
They shall advance? It were a wretched thing

On that Condition to become a King.

169

To make new Creatures, Is the Princes due,
And without murmur let him haue his owne.

The danger onely Is to him that's new,
For Envie euer waytes on such an One

Both from those men, that are not so well growne,

And from great houses too, who streight wil feare
Lest such new Stars should thrust them fro theyr

170

(Spheare.

And those which once haue got the highest staire
Will keep them downe, that mount with too much
'Tis best (say some) to rise but soft and faire. (haſt.
If thou wilt gaine thy journies end at last,
Tyre not thy meanes by postng ouer-faſt,

Stirre like a Dyall, vnperceiu'd to moue:
So ſhalt thou gather ſtrength, and purchase loue.

And

171

And therefore, they that found a Familie,
 Must gather wealth, liue vnder theyr estates,
 Make great pretences of Humilitie.
 Ally them-selues with grac'd Confederates,
 Serue Great mens turnes, so to avoyd theyr hates.
 For *Ces berus* with Hony-sops was pleas'd,
 And Malice must with Mildnes bee appeas'd.

172

Then let It bee his worke, that next succeeds
 To rayse him-selfe vnto a farther height,
 By home. Imployments, or by forreine deeds.
 Or by vnlading some of that rich fraught
 Of wealth, w^{ch} he had stor'd : And that wil streight
 Bring Honour to his house : That golden key
 To all designes opens a ready way.

173

Nor shall hee find such eager Opposition,
 Time hauing worne out all his Fathers foes.
 Or else perhaps altered theyr dispositions
 By Guitts, by Matches, by Obssequious shewes,
 Or else perchance for feare of future blowes.

And so some few discents from heyre to heyre
 The newnesse of the House will varnish faire.

174

Where sodaine Greatnes ruin'd *Gaveston*,
 Whom I too much preferr'd before my Peeres,
 Who did possesse mee more then any One,
 From whence ; grew many jealousies and feares
 Close discontentes, which at first appeares
 Of little moment, worthlesse of respect,
 But prou'd such skarres, as wee did least expect.

It

175

It is the praise and blessing of the Sunne
 To make his heate, and light both generall ;
 Princes are Sunnes, and both must freely runne
 An open Course, and not bee feuerall
 Vnto some few, but common vnto all.

The poorest he that breathes, this Song may sing
 Wee all haue Interest in the Ayre and King.

176

And this too much did speake my heady passion,
 Who like pure water should haue had no tast,
 This Error did my gouernment disfashion
 That *Gaveston* vnworthily was grac'd.

And made too great a monster, huge, and vast ;
 Who in his growth being vnpportionall,
 Became offensiuе to himselfe, and all.

177

The Court, which in my Fathers life-time seem'd
 A Senate-house of siluer-headed Sages.
 Might now a pompous Theater bee deem'd
 Pester'd with Panders, Players, and with Pages.
 Of my ensuing fall, too true presages.

And yet in shew, It seemed fairer farre,
 So Comets glister more then any Starre.

178

But (O) the quiet of that happie Land.
 Where aged *Nestors* beare the chiefest sway. (hand.
 Where strength of mind, more rules then force of
 Where Old men bid, and Young men do obey,
 Where Ages winter guideth youths sweet May.

But when the foot, or hand Commands the head,
 The Body then is many wayes misled.

Let

179

Let siluer hayre, and long-experienc'd Age
 Bee sole directors of each enterprize.
 Let youth bee as an Actor on the Stage,
 To execute, what stayder heads devise ;
 For Youth is Actiuie, Age discreet, and wise.

Youth is more daring, but precipitate.
 Age more Iudicious, and considerate.

180

Yet should not Statists bee too-aged men,
 Because, by too much time theyr spirits decay ;
 They Earthy grow, and Melancoly then
 Heauie, and dull (theyr Edge being worne away)
 Weyward, and teachy , wrangling all the day ;
 Full of mosositie, and which is worse,
 Extreamly giu'n to gripe, and fill the purse.

181

Besides, wee see, some men are ripe betimes,
 Like Summer fruit, soone pleasing to the tast.
 And if those Spirits in whom such vertue shines
 May bee with Greatnes, and Implyments grac'd
 They Come to full maturitie at last,
 Men of exceeding worth, when they are growne.
 Both for their Countries good, & for their owne.

182

But to my Selfe : Who did negle&t my Peeres,
 And only did diuote my selfe to pleasure.
 Lou'd I ? Why Loue it selfe loues youthfull yeres.
 Spent I ? Why Kings should not be flanes to trea-
 Heard I not Subiects suits ? I had no leisure, (sure.
 Did I neglect my Peeres conuerse ? What then ?
 None is not ty'd, to sort him-selfe with men.

When

183

When they did say that Scottish *Bruce* did burne
 My Northerne borders, and did wast the same.
 Then sighing I to *Gaveston* would turne,
 And say (sweet *Pierce*) my selfe feels fancies flame.
 I saw, I loue, I dye for such a Dame.

Cupid (I feare) to mee a *Bruce* will proue,
 My Holds by him, my heart is fir'd by Loue.

184

With these, and many more fantastike toyes
 I shifted off my Councell, when they came.
 I had not time enough to spend in joyes,
 Why should I spare one minute from the same.
 Let them that list, by warres goe out for fame

I force it not, giue mee those pleasing warres ;
 Where blowes are gin'n, but such as cause no

185 (scarres.

But when the field, is to a field-bed turn'd.
 When Eyes like sharpest Lances pierce, yet please.
 Whē amorous Harts with equall flames are burn'd.
 When Foes lye downe, our surie to appeale,
 And lips on lips redouble blowes of eate.

When brave assaults are not by Death controll'd,
 In such a band who would not bee inroll'd.

186

The Roman Monster *Heliogabilius*.

And Persian *Xerxes* neuer fortunate ;
 Might well bee thought to live againe in vs,
 Wee priz'd our Pleasures at so high a Rate.
 Such was our sad, and still-successe Fate.

In Peace, our Faults procured our decayes,
 In Warre, our Fortunes made vs Run-awayes.

The

187

The lucke-lesse Battels fought, whil'st I did Raigne
 With Robert Bruce, that noble English-Scot.
 Sad Monuments unto the world remaine,
 " That vicious Life with Monarchs thriueth not;
 " For Sin and shame are ty'd with Gordions knot:
 " And those Desigues, do proue successfesse quite,
 " That are Contriu'd by men drown'd in delight.

188

Marke but the Maps of all Antiquicie.
 True Registers, vnfalsify'd Records,
 The voyce of Time (which we call Historie)
 And 'twill bee found, that every Age affords
 Plentie of proofe to fortifie my words.
 Each place; each time do pregnant witnes beare,
 Who Riot most, to Ruine are most neare.

189

When Sinne did ouer-flow, the Deluge Came.
 Th' Assirians then did loose theyr Monarchy
 When theyr last * King did liue most out of frame SARDANAS
 And was o're-whelm'd with Sensualitie. PALVS,
 The Persians then did wracke theyr Empiric.
 When wealth, & Lust, and ease did most abound
 Which also did the Roman State confound.

190

The Danes did first set footing in this Land,
 Because Lord Buerus wife was rauish'd here.
 The Saxon forces got the vpper-hand,
 When Vortiger held Hongis * Daughter deare. ROTTENB.
 And still our Realme to ruine hath bin neare
 When ripened Sin hath gathered Strongest head.
 So staled Steeres are to the shambles led.

Thus

191

Thus Edward sayd : And this our Age hath seen
 Like Instance, of a neare confining State,
 Neuer was France more deadly sick of sinnes.
 Neuer was Goodnes grownie more out of date.
 Nener did Princes more preposterate
 Their private liues, and publicke regiment.
 And as they Liu'd so dy'd Impenitent.

192

Neuer Religion seru'd for more pretences.
 Neuer were Nobles more ambitious.
 Neuer like Inundation of offendcs.
 Neuer were Church men leſſe religious.
 Neuer were Commons more seditious.
 Such plotting, Counterplotting policies,
 Such massacres, ſuch barbarous Cruelties.

193

Such Impious Courses, such Impunitie
 Neuer was ſeehe, leſſe blushing, and more shame.
 Neuer had Sinne ſo great Immunitie.
 Neuer was ever all ſo out of frame
 As in those wretched times : Till the fierce flame
 Of Ciuill furie, and the forreigne foe
 Did make poore France the ſtage of tragick woe.

194

HENRY, 4. And without doubt, had not that * Man of men :
 The mightie *Atlas* of that falling State
 Bin rays'd by God, to giue new life, eu'n then
 That famous Kingdome of ſo ancient date
 By home ambition, and by forreigne hate
 Had breath'd her laſt, being Sin-fick vnto death.
 And much a doe there was, to giue her breath.

But

195

But that great Spirit was a blest instrument
 To give new strength vnto much weakened France,
 That Heau'n - blest Country never shall repeat
 That shee did *Henry Barbon* so aduance.
 For next to God, It was his happie chance
 By matchlesse vertue to reuive againe
 That sinking State which Sin had almost slaine,

196

" For stile the eye of wrath doth ouer-looke
 " The wicked actions of obdurate men,
 " The Court of heau'n doth keep a titeling book,
 " VVherein are entred all our sinnes, and when
 " The score is full, let's looke for payment then.
 And O, what Prince what Commonwealth can stand
 When God doth scourge it with a rigorous hand.

197

And let vs make this vse of their neere-wrake,
 " Forbeare to sinne, for feare of punishment.
 " God is not senselesse, though he seeme to slacke,
 " He gives vs day, in hope we will repent,
 " But vse growes more, the longer debts are lent,
 And God forbeares, and winkes at our abuse
 " That we might haue lesse colout of excuse.

198

I could not choose, when I had yoak't my teame,
 But make this furrow to inrich my field.
 I now returne to my Intended Theame,
 And Edward wishes, that his Raigne might yield
 Fit Presidents for Princes, how to weild.

That weightie Provinces, which they do sustaine,
 And thus continues his discourse againe.

E

When

199

V Vhen my chiefe Peeres did see, how thir g mis-
 And thoſe miſchances did impure to Sinne.
 My Sinne to him, whom I had ſo aduſaced,
 To baniſh him againe, they then begin,
 And made my ſelfe to haue a hard therin.

Their force, my feare compell'd me thereunto;
 "Tis hard, when Princes are inſorc'd to doe.

200

It is the chiefest good, of King's Raigne
 That it is free, from base compelling feare.
 And 'tis againe the Kingdome ſchiefest bane
 Not to admit wiſe Councell to the Fare.
 Away with Awe: hold admonition deare. / Eyes,
 " Feares figure ne're ſhould meet with Kingly.
 " But on the Backes of flying Enemies.

201

But the faire louely picture of Advice
 Should ſtill be placed in the Princes ſight.
 Thrice happy Kings that are both stout, and wiſe,
 You ſcorne Controule, but let not Councell light,
 Nor feare, but vertrue makes you to doe right.

Y are, Kings indeed: and may ſecurely reſt
 Whilſt feares are lod'gd within a weaker breft

202

To ſolm vereor: Is a Princeley word
 Speaking to him, that is Lord Paramount
 And ſupreme Princes ſhould beare the ſword
 As but to him, they neede giue no account.
 Which theſhall do, If as they do Sar mount
 In greatness, ſo in goo'nes they excell,
 " Tis certayne: He rules all, that governs well.

And

203

And none doth so, but the selfe-governor
 That his owne priuate passions can Command,
 Which make a slau, eu'n of an Emperor,
 If once they grow, to get the vpper hand.
 And soone deepe-searching Spirits will understand
 And find a Prince that's weake: and ride him so,
 That he must pace, as they will haue him goe.

204

Whereof my selfe may be a President
 Who was so ouer-aw'd by my great Peeres
 That Gaveston was doom'd to banishment, (feares)
 And now my Soule full fraught with griefes, and
 Was in her motions restlesse (like the Spheares
 But not so fix'd) Now go he shold: now shold not,
 So woman-like I would: and streight I would not,

205

Yet ere he went, (as goe he must, and did)
 Deare Prince (faith he) wherein haue I misdon?
 That I am banish'd thus? Doth Edward bid,
 His poore(yet but his owne poore Pierce) to shun
 His gracious sight? must I from England run?

He bids: I mast: Farewell: yet thinke of me.

Though bodie goes, yet stayes my Soule with

206

(thee.)

What were these words, but each to me a wound?
 Whereat my vety life-blood gashed out.
 I would haue spoke: but words with tears drown'd
 Whilst giddy passion harld my braines about,
 Confusedly I spake: O do not doubt:

Those cursed Peeres : It is not long of me.

Though Body staies, yet goes my Soule with thee;

E 3

Mourne

207

(mourne:

Mourne not (sweet Prince) saith he: O doe not
 Let neuer teares disgrace those gracefull eyes :
 Is not enough, that I am thus forlorne ?
 Must woes from me, (as clouds from Sea) arise ?
 My deare, deare Liege, let it at least suffice,
 That still you haue the better part of me
 My Body they command, my Soule is free.

208

Cease, cease my Pierce, thy tongue doth wound my
 I grieue to see : because I see thy grieve. (heart.
 Farewell: and yet me thinks we should not part.
 And yet we must : VVell :this be thy relief :
 Thou bear' st a field of gold: A King in chiefe.
 Thou shalt be *Irelands Gouernour* for me.

VWould' st thou might stay, or I might goe with

209

(thee.

At Parting, thus with wanton grieve we play'd.
 He went to Sea, and I to Sorrow went ;
 And yet, my heate of lust was not allay'd.
 My treasure that to *Ireland* was sent.
 And there by *Gaveston* in triumphes spent.
 VWho now seem'd greater, then he was before,
 So vines being cut, increase, and thrive the more.

210

And heere my Peeres did in true Judgment fail.
 So to remoue, not take him quite away.
 VWho once returning, needs must seeke to quale
 The aduerse part : that labour'd his decay,
 Dead Dogs can neither barke, nor bite (men say)
 But angred Curses more fiercely still returns,
 And wronged minds with greater fury burn.

Better

211

Better It is, still to dissemble hate
 Then first to enter into discontent,
 And leue him great, whom thou didst wrong of
 VVho hauing meanes, and sharp'ned in Intent
 May easily worke some dangerous euent.

Either strike not, or else be sure I strike so.

: That thou thy selfe need feare no after blow.

212

Besides, they did the more exasperate,
 By opposition, my enraged Ire;
 And as for Gaveston, (whom they did hate)
 They did inflame me with a greater fire.
 His absence setting edge on my desire.

" For Princes kept from what they doe affect,

" Doe hurry to their ends without respect.

213

VVhat euer stops the Current of a Streme
 Is swapt away with furious violence.
 " Force is effectlesse gainst a strong extreme,
 But if one will with labor, and expence
 Diuert the course, and turne the Channell thence.

" Tis possible, that he in time penailes,

For Art doth compasse, when resistance failes.

214

Philosophers doe hold, (and truely too)
 That lightning oft, / the sheath vntouch'd(y blade
 Consumes: The reason why it doth so doe
 Is, by the one ther's small resistance made,
 Being full of Pores: Th'other hard to Inuade

Doth set it selfe against that heau'nly shot

VVhich quite consumes, because it pierceth not.

215

I cannot fit the awfull wrath of Kings
 More properly, then to this wondrous fire
 Which once inflam'd, consumes resisting things,
 Breakes vp the bounds, that limit their desire,
 And by depressing downe, still mounteth highe r.

" Whereas strong passion borne with patience,
 " Spends on It selfe, and dyes without offence.

216

My Peeres soone saw, which way the Hare did run,
 And therefore gaue consent to his repeale.
 Not Cesar (when Pharsalia field he won)
 Did triumph more then I, when they did Seale
 And did subscribe the ruine of our weale.

Then all was well, whil'st all did well agree,
 But All prou'd ill for all, and worst for mee,

217

For Gaueston after he did returne
 Of all my former fauors once possesseſt,
 His full-sayl'd Fortunes held my Peeres in scorne,
 Nor could he any equall well digest;
 Though I was King in shew, in him did rest

The Kingly power: all was at his Command,
 And nothing done; that did not passe his hand.

218

Such over-swelling greatnessse was the Cause
 That made my Peeres report: His cursed Dam
 To bee a Witch: And (that by force of Lawes,
 Shee suffring for't,) was burned for the same
 And that her Sonne like practises did frame

Vpon my selfe: and by such hellish Art

Had skrew'd him selfe so farre into my heart:

It

219

It is too true, my dotage was extreme,
And I did prize him at so high a Rate,
That tie, my Crowne, my life weigh'd at a beam,
Above them both, I him did estimate.
Which was indeed my follie, and his fate.

But that the same was wrought by Magick Spell,
Is such a Tale, as old wives use to tell.

220

Witch-craft may worke vpon the Body much,
But there's no fascination of the mind.
The Soule is free from any Magike touch,
Nor can enchanting charmes or loose, or bind
The powers and faculties thereto assign'd.

Spirits may suggest, they may persuad to ill,
But all their power cannot compell the will.

221

It is the sole Prerogatiue of Heau'n,
'Tis Gods peculiar, to command the heart.
That damn'd Impester had his power giu'n
From the most high; e're he with all his Art
Could worke on him, in whom he had most parr.
Seduced Abab falls by his persuasion.
But It is God, that first graunts the Commission.

222

The Prince of Darkenesse may corrupt the braine,
And so worke strongly vpon th' Imagination,
Which being abused, oft becomes most vaine
In the conceiting a strange transmutation,
Of It's owne selfe, into some wolvish fashion.
Which is no other, (As our Doctors say)
Then the disease call'd Lycantropia.

223

Hee may, (and doth oft times) delude the sight,
 By offring strange Phantasmaes to our Eyes.
 And then the Iudgement is peruerted quite;
 When 'tis seduc'd by such erronious Spies,
 As brings vs no Intelligence, but lyes,
 A thousand like deuises hee hath got
 To make vs thinke hee doth, what he doth not,

224

Besides, when any Errour is committed,
 Whereby wee may Incurre or losse, or shame.
 That wes our selues thereof may be acquitted,
 Wee are too ready to transferrre the blame
 Vpon somg Witch : That made vs doe the same.
 It is the vulgar Plea, that weake-ones vfe,
 I was bewitch'd : I could nor will : nor chuse.

225

But my affection was not caus'd by Arte
 The witch that wrought on mee, was in my brest.
 My Gaveston, wholly possest my heart
 And that did make him swell aboue the rest,
 But 'tis not safe so high to build ones nest :
 For bubbles fullest blowne doe soone shal breake,
 And Trees are euer at the top most weake.

226

Content doth seat It selfe in lowly dales
 Out of the dint of winds, and stormy showers.
 There sit, & sing melodious Nightingales, (flowres
 There run fresh cooling streams, there grow sweet
 There heat and cold are fenc'd by shady bowers.
 And there is wealth at will : But this we know,
 The grasse is short, that on the hill doth grow.

227

O *Gaueston* ! why do'st thou then aspire
 To bee so Great, when greatnesse stands on yce?
 If thou should'st slip, as now thy place is higher
 So will thy fall bee greater : In a trice
 Hee's downe that stands on Pinacles : Bee wise,
 Stand low, stand sure : But (oh) I speak in vaine
 " For men will mount, though sure to stoope -

228

(gaine.)

How *Gaueston* (the third time banished)
 Did lie in *Datch-land*, where hee found no rest.
 How hee return'd, How I as famished
 Did feed on him, as on some dainty feast.
 How ill my Peeres his presence did digest,
 I doe but touch at : Now my Muse vnsold
 How till his fall hee bare him proud, and bold.

229

Suppose him spleenfull, melancholie, sad.
 And mee in my affections passionate.
 Thinke him reuengefull, thinke mee doting-mad ;
 Thinke, how I lou'd, and thinke, how he did hate ;
 And thinke him then, thus to expostulate.
 Grieu'd with precedent, fear'd wth future wrong
 Thus did this Syren tune his balefull song.

230

O King (no King) but shadow of a King ;
 Nay, doe not frowne, but heare mee what I say,
 I speake in Zeale, (though harshly I doe sing)
 Thou op'st a gap vnto thine owne decay
 By suffring thy proud Peeres to beare such sway,
 For look how much y shadowes length doth grow
 So much the Sunne declines, and goes more low.
 Thy

38 : The Life and Death

231

Thy waxing is their waine : Thy Ebbe, their tide,
When they are strongest, thou art weake and faint
Turne euery stone, to quell their growing pride.
It fits not Kings to brooke the least restraint.
Disgrace, Exile, close Durance, or Attaint
For seeming Crimes, to bring them into hate
These are the meanes to re-assure thy State.

232

Now thou art King in shew, but not Indeed,
Those pettie Pawnes do check, and mate thee too.
All is reverst, that is by Thee decreed,
They doe i joyne Thee what thou hast to doe,
And what they will, thou art Compell'd vnto.
But though thy pleasure beind another way
Yet things must passe, as they are pleas'd to fway.

233

They haue Allyes, to strengthen theyr diffignes.
They backe themselves with strong Conserates,
Theyr seeming Zeale the vulgar vndermines,
The wiser sort for feare infinitates ;
And so they gaine assurance of all States.
Some by the glosse of faire deportment, and
Some by a hard and ouer awing hand.

234

Besides, they raise men, that are popular,
And by their meanes the Peoples hearts they steale
Them selues seeme just, theyr courses regular,
They make pretences (for the Common weale)
Of Reformation, of religious Zeale.
And by these Colours which they doe pretend
They bring theyt complots to successefull end.

But

235

But more then this : The wealth of all thy Land
 Is in theyr hand ; or else at theyr dispose,
 Whereby they haue an absolute Command
 Of many Liues, which are maintayn'd by these
 Great bounties, which fro their abundance flowes.
 For they must needs remaine at their deuotion,
 That haue from them their being, & their motion.

236

These are the close Consumptions of thy State,
 VVhich by these Antidotes thou must restore.
 Bee seru'd by such, as thou haft ray'sd of late,
 Aduance new Creatures, of no note before ;
 And such will still depend on thee therefore.
 For wanting means, except thou grace them still
 They must remaine oblige'd to thy will.

237

Let them bee stirring Spirits of ayre and fire,
 Apt both to make, and to maintaine a Faction.
 Ambitious, Aigne, hungry to aspire,
 Not fool'd with feare, but bold for any action,
 True to theyr ends, but false in faith and paction ;
 And such being grac'd and fauour'd by the time,
 VVill in despite of spightfull enuie Climb.

238

VVhose grouth, thy Peeres will malice, and detest,
 And seeke to stop : Which they not brooking well
 Will nourish mutuall hatred in theyr brest,
 And rankefous Enuie in theyr soules will swell.
 From whence reuenge, and greedy thirst to quell
 The aduerte partie, Cannot but proceed.
 And so Confusion to them all Indeed.

Meane

239

Meane while, thou vnderhand must feed the flame
 And secretly, giue heart to eyther side.
 And which is weakest, leane thou to the same,
 Whereby thou shalt Confound the aduerse pride.
 And if thy doubling, chance to bee espy'd,
 Make it an open quarrell, and bee sure
 To rid them first, that may most harme procure.

240

This lesson was by Targuine well exprest,
 When with his wand he did behead thosc flowers,
 That any way did ouer grow the rest.
 As who should say : Bee jealous of great Powers,
 And Cut them downe, whose growth neare equals
 For that same Throne is but a flipp'ry Seat, (ours.
 That suffers any to bee ouer Great.

241

Make penall Lawes, to Cut off their retainers.
 Wrest from their hands all publick great comand.
 Grace them in shew, but not to make them gainers
 Keepe them aloofe, let them not vnderstand
 The Passages of State, at any hand.

Doe not Commit thy forces to theyr trust,
 Least hauing minds, th'auē meanes to be vniust.

242

Where e're they lie, (though they be far remou'd)
 Yet, let them bee survey'd with carefull Eye.
 Such as are neare to them, and dearely lou'd,
 To whom their Inward thoughts most open lye ;
 VVinne them by guifts, and by close pollicie,
 To serue thy turne, with true Intelligence
 Of any thing, that may procure offence.

Gaine

243

Gaine to thy selfe by all meanes (if thou can) His bosome friend, the Consort of his life.
 So did *Sejanus* (that deepe knowing man) Obraine the Loue of *Livia*, *Drusus* wife,
 (VVith whom he liu'd in jcalousie and strife)
 And by that course found meanes to make away
 His Opposite, who labour'd his decay.

244

If they doe sue, doe not thou fauour then,
 Let all advancements bee deriu'd from thee.
 So shalt thou weane from them, the hearts of men,
 And they will onely thy dependants bee.
 For there men serue, where they preferment see.
 Lastly, what Stratagem thou dost Intend,
 Let shewes of vertue colour still thy end.

245

These are the baites, to fish for wisest Peeres,
 The yonglings may be caught with easier meanes:
 Let Syren pleasure loue theyr youthfull yceres,
 Let Lust, expence, and riotous extremes,
 (To which their youth by course of Nature leanes)
 Let followers, change of beauties, pompous pride
 Infect their minds, and wrack their states beside.

246

Yet, If thou see a likely growing Plant (great)
 VVhose spreading branches may in time grow
 Lodge him at home, let him Imployment wane,
 And vseleſſe wither in his Native seate;
 For Ease and rest will Chill his actiue heate.
 And lull'd in pleasures of a ſafe delight,
 Relinquish mounting thoughts of honour quicke.

247

But if his Temper soare so high a Pitch,
As that his working vertue must haue vent:
Ingeage him in some Action, by the which
His haruest may bee Death, or Discontent.
Yet make a shew to grace his hardiment,
With highest honours, and so thrust him on
To such Attempts, as death still waytes vpon,

248

Which (if hee misse, as Heau'n may blesse him so)
Yet will the managing of such designes
Afford fit matter for his ouerthrow:
If prosperous fortune any wayes declines.
For Commonly the vulgar sort repines
Against all Actions, that doe want successe,
And in theyr humours weigh the Agents leſſe,

249

And so they lye more open to their wracke
When they haue once Incurr'd a Common hate:
And then ſome faire occasion cannot lacke
Eyther by Death to cancell their lives date,
Or at the leaſt, to weaken ſo their ſtate;
As that the Prince need ſcarre no future harme,
That may proceſſ from theyr vnoynted armes.

250

And having cleer'd thy ſelfe of ſuch: Yet then
(That thou muſt keepe thy Maiestie and State)
Thou needs muſt entertaine ſome Noble men,
But froathy bubbles full of Idle prate,
Who ſtudy fashions, know their place (ſcarce that)
All whose ſweete worth is fetch'd from dead mens Tombes,
And they them ſelues leſſe worthy then theyr Groomes.

Lee

251.

Let them discourse of Kindred, and Allies,
 My Uncle Earle, my Cousin Duke, or so.
 Who living did this, or that enterprize.
 And tell how his great-Grandsires horse did goe,
 When hee in France encountered with his Eoe.
 Grace these (sweet Pr :) These thy Court Comets
 And pray for the : They'l never prey on thee. (hee

252.

Thus must thy twigges be lym'd, thy nets display'd
 To catch these birds, that soare vp to the Sunne.
 And when these wise foundations once are layd,
 'Tis almost ended, what is well begun.
 Then art thou King Indeed : Then hast thou won
 Vnto thy selfe, an absolute estate.
 Till when, The Lyon liues but in the Grate.

253.

Thus did this hellish Ate cast the ball
 Of Discontent, betwixt mee, and my Peeres.
 Whose wicked Councells (flowing from the gall)
 Fill'd them with farie, mee with needleſte feares,
 And set vs altogether by the Eares ;
 Whilst eyther ſide (neglecting Common good)
 Sought onely how to ſpill each others blood.

254.

Ill Councells ſee me moft faire at the firſt ſhow
 And promife much, but in theyr managing
 Many vnto thought of difficulties grow.
 And in theyr end (which crowndeth every thing)
 They proue vnprosperous, and doe ruine bring.
 They haue an ealiſt birth, Dangers attend
 Their progreſſe ; And in wretchednes they end.

15

255

It is a wise mans part ; soundly to weigh
 The Councells giu'n: And to obserue with-all
 The giuers priuate ends : because they may
 In their aduice vpon some paſſage fall,
 That may perhaps proue prejudiciale

Vn to th' Aduice: They (their owne true friends)
 Ayming at nothing, but their priuate ends.

256

VVhich in this Councell giu'n by *Gaveston*,
 VWas obvious for every Eye to see.
 VVho in his spleenfull heart still thought vpon
 His owne reuenge, and so aduised mee
 To that, which with his ends did best agree. (long
 VVhich drew my Peeres to Arms, who vow'd e're
 His head shoulde anfwer for his cursed tongie.

256

I wish'd the trees were turn'd to armed troopes,
 And all the bowes were Pikes, their hearts to
 All other birds the Princely Eagle stoops, (wound.
 The Lyon Roares : The Beasts shake at the sound,
 VVhy should not I their daring pride Confound?

That sawcily usurpe vpon my right,
 But Lyons are no Lyons wanting might.

258

My Peeres did strike, whilst that the steele was hot
 And Still came on to seize vpon their prey.

VVhat should we doe, Complain? It booted not.
 Goe leauie men? Our men did disobey.

Sue for a Truce? They would not grant a day.

Submit our selves; and so some pitty cratue, *sane*.
 Much hurt they would not, him they would not

That

259

That Prince Indeed is to be held most wise
 That by his vertues doth his State secure.
 But hee's not so, that meanes to tyrannize
 And doth not seeke by forces to assurē

His owne designes : for let him be most sure ;
 A Prince that's weake, and yet doth gouerne ill,
 Is subiect to a thousand dangers still.

260

O Sacred Vertue, what a powerfull guard
 Art thou ? What a strong Tower of defence ?
 All hearts are won to reuerence and regard
 Thy awfull worth : Thou neyther giu'st offence,
 Nor takest it : Men are not without fence,
 But they both see, and tast, and loue, and nourish,
 That Reall good, by which themselues do flou-

261

(rish.

What vnderstanding Scoule , that doth not know,
 And knowing loue, and louing will not spend
 The dearest bloud, that in his veines doth flow,
 To guard, and give vnto that Prince, whose end
 To publike more then priuate good doth bende ?

Hee shalbe euer able to command

At will, his Subiects purse, his heart, his hand.

262

Flight was our best defence, and flye we did,
 So silly Doves before proud Falcons flye.
 Till Gaveston, in Scarborow-Castle hid (Guy
 My Peeres surpriz'd : Whom Warwicks Earle Sir
 Beuchamp beheaded : So my Pierce did dye.
 A gloomic night concluded his faire mortne
 And Fortunes darling ended Fortunes scorne.

The death
of GAVE-
STON.

F

O

263

O what is honour but an exhalation ?
 A fierie meteor soone extincket and gone,
 A breath of People, and the Tongues relation,
 That streight is ended when the voyce is done,
 A morning dew, dry'd vp with miidday Sun.
 A ceasing sweet, like *Danaes* golden showre.
 That both began, and ended in anhoure.

264

There breeds a little Beast, by *Nilus* Streames,
 VVhich being borne, when *Phibus* first doth rise,
 Growes Old, when he reflects his hottest beames.
 And when at night to VVesterne Seas he hies,
 Then life begins to faile, and streight It dyes.
 Borne ,old, and dead, and all but in a day
 Such honour Is, so soone it weares away.

264

How much more happie is that sweet estate
 That neither creepes too low: nor soares too high ?
 VVhich yields no matter to contempt, or hate .
 VVhich others not disdaine, nor yet enuie,
 VVhich neyther does, nor takes an injurie.
 But liuing to it selfe in sweet Content,
 Is neither abiect, nor yet insolent.

265

He liues indeed, and spends his course of time
 In truest pleasure, that this life can yield.
 He hath set houres, to pray at Ea'n, and Prime
 Hee walkes abroad into his quiet field
 And studies, how his home affaires to wield.
 His Soule, and Body make one Common-wealth.
 His Councells Care, to keepe them both in health.

Hes

267

Hee feares no poysons in his meates and drinkeſ,
Hee needs no guard, to watch about his bed.
No teacher vndermines him, what he thinkes,
No dangerous projects hamter in his head,
Hee sits and sees how things are managed.

And by obſeruing, what hath earſt beeene done;
He levels oft, how future things will run.

268

If he would liue with Kings, and mightie men,
Hee doth conuerſe with them in Historie.
If he would know the Heau'ly motions, Then
Hee takes his Globe, he readeſ Astronomie,
His Mappes, and Chartes doe teach Cosmographie.
And whilſt in his ſafe Cell he ſtudying stands,
In one ſhort houre, he ſayles both Sea & Lands.

269

And tyr'd (perhaps) with the diſcouerie
Of forreigne things, He comes more nearer home,
Hee lookeſ into himſelfe with carefull Eye,
That little world, (that is indeed hiſ ownē)
Hee traualles In, which being truely knowne,
Affords enough, for wonder and delight,
When he hath learn'd, to know himſelfe aright.

270

How farre remoñ'd from thiſ true Happineſſe
Are thoſe high Climbers, that grow over-great?
They alwayes eat the Bread of Carefulneſſe,
And ſad ſuſpition vſhes in their meat.
They ſleepe on Thornes: (If any ſleepe they get)
Being troubled, both to deale, and to diſcard.
Vngarded they doe feare, and fear their Guard.

271

O greatness I thought thou seem'st faire gilded ouer
 Yet Inwardly, thou art but wretchednes.
 So haue I knowne, a Costlie habit couer
 A Body full of Soares, and filthinesse.
 Thy very marrow is but rotteness.

An Alpe to Clime, An yee to stand vpon,
 A very Hell of Hell's, if had, and gone.

272

The Earle of Cornwall (cauter of the Warte)
 Thus being dead, they laid their weapons downe,
 Protesting all, They would not goe so farre
 As to be thought disloyall to the Crowne,
 But they did seeke the Realmes, and my Renowne.
 Which was eclips'd in him, whom they had slain,
 But Englands Spheare would now grow faire a-

273

(gaine.)

But still dark Clouds did shadow Englands Sphere,
 And bitter stormes, on gloomy Clouds dependant,
 Vnfortunate, and fatall euery yeere,
 Whil'st haples Edward was chief Lord ascendant.
 Malignant Starres on me were still attendant,
 Though at my birth none smil'd with sweet aspect
 Yet froward Satyrne did my life direct.

274

For though distasted Gaveston was dead,
 Yet Edward liu'd, and liu'd to farther Ill,
 For still I was by my affections led,
 I will'd no Law: yet vs'd no Law but will,
 My Peeres disgrac'd, my people grieved still.

The Spencers, they succeeded Gaveston.

Ill chang'd to worse and worst: two Ills for one
 These

275

These Spencers (now the Subject of my Song) I
 Discended of a Race of great esteeme. and so as it is
 The elder Hagh (the Father) liued long no 177
 A man of worth, and happie dayes had seene. 177
 Till his ambitious Sonne did over weene.

Whose greatnessse caus'd the Father to aspire,
 And at the last did wracke both Sonne and Sire.

276

O what hast thou, Old man (to doe with Court ?
 Thy Bookes, and Beads had better beeke for thee.
 Liue still retyr'd, and doe not now refar 178
 To stormie tempest, Age doth ill agree 179
 With great Concourses, and vulgar matinee.

It rather erauess Immunitie, and refre 179
 And peacefull easse, with tumults not distrest.

277

(Gout

Whose joynts being rack't, and tortur'd with the
 Can scarce endure the stirring of a straw 180
 Who being vnweildie, must be borne about.
 Whose golden Ewre is crack't with many a flaw,
 Who hath no grinders left in either jaw. (tremble,
 Whose strong men bow, whose keepers shake &
 Whose meager lookes, pale death doth most re-

278

(semble.

But this Ambition is a boyling Ill. new boylng ill
 Honour doth make dead Cinders glow againe.
 What aged One so great, but by his will 181
 Would faine grow greater? Age doth still retaine
 Two Humours : Hope of Life : Desire of Gaine.
 And this was that, w^{ch} made Old Spencer clime.
 When he was past the Autumnne of his time.

279

The younger *Hugh*(the Sonne of this old man)
 Was of an actiuе Spirit, and able braine,
 Who with the Barrons at the first began
 To fide himselfe : They favouring him againe
 For *Gaveston* made him Lord Chamberlaine.

That he in place so neare about the King,
 Might give them notice still of euery thing.

280

Thinking, (because he was by them preferr'd)
 He still would cleave to them in their designes,
 But (vnjudicall men) herein they er'd.
 A swelling Spirit hates him, by whom he climes ;
 As Iuie kills the tree whereon It twines.

So rising men, when they are mounted high,
 Spurne at the means, that first they mounted by.

281

Because, they thinke such fauours challenge still,
 An e qual correspondencie of Loue.
 Which tyes them, to be pliant to their will.
 And as the lower Spheares by those above
 Are whirl'd about, so they by them must moue.

And doe what they insoltingly obtrade.
 Or else be censur'd for Ingratitude.

282

And such well-mettled men cannot digest
 To be obsequious to anothers mind,
 Their haughtie Spirits will not let them rest,
 Till those precedent bands which did them bind,
 By open opposition are vntwinc'd.

And such a publike rupture doth restore
 Their libertie, which was Ingag'd before.

And

283

And greatness holds it needfull policie,
 To rid his hands of them, that did it raise.
 By entring into open Enmitie,
 And so to cut them off without delayes.
 These were, and are the Courses of our dayes ;
 Who list obserue both old, and moderne times
 Shall find I write no fables, though some Rimes.

284

I will not touch particulars at all,
 I play the ball, let others marke the chase.
 The Spencers doe my wandring muse recall.
 Who being neare the King in chiefest place,
 Did heape vp much, and that in little space.
 For all things had from them their passage then,
 Who turn'd to gold all matters, and all men.

285

The chiefest Peeres were vnderhand kept downe,
 The Minions of the King got euery place.
 Though Edward had, yet Spencers rul'd the Crown.
 And being both made Earles in highest grace,
 Did heape vp much, and that in little space. (lust
 They wrong'd, they car'd not who: such was their
 And sodaine greatness growes too soone vnjust

286

Especially, If (like a mole) it workes
 Only in Earth, how greedy's such a Man ?
 How slyly he in close advantage lurkes
 To compasse a whole Country, if he can.
 Still griping all, that Comes within his span.
 What wealth, wit, friends, force can doe, good, or
 Shall, must be practis'd for to please his will. (Ill,

287

The Princes sauours doe for Pulley's serue
 To draw on men to be at his command.
 Eu'n Seats of Iudgement shall from Justice swerue,
 If they may bring a Title to his hand.
 And if some Reverend Fathers shall withstand,
 Then weed them out: They will not serue a turn,
 Such men are fit for Marryres : Let them burne.

288

His Agents must bee of another mould,
 Sharpe-sighted into other mens estate.
 Plyant to doe what their great Master would,
 Close, cunning to dissemble loue, or hate,
 VVell-spoken, powerfull to Insinuate,
 Seemingly honest, outwardly precise,
 By which they may their close complots disguise.

289

These are the Pipes of lead, that doe Convey
 Those practices, that from their head doe spring.
 And so, these seconds come to beare great sway,
 Are legg'd and crouch'd vnto, for feare they ring
 These buy, and build, and beg: and raise & wring
 Farmer, Esquire, Knight, and Baron too,
 And Prince, and all with whom they haue to do.

290

And this Indeed was the most dangerous Rocke
 VVhereon I split, and so at last did drowne.
 This was my Error : This the stumbling blocke
 At which I fell, and cast my Fortunes downe,
 This lost my peoples hearts,(and that the Crown)
 My Minions rapine, and vniust oppression,
 And my too much Indulgent Indiscretion.

My

291

My Peeres were male content, being warefested.
 My Souldiers mutinous for want of Pay.
 My Court withall Licentiousesse infected.
 My People poore, with Taxes par'd away,
 And apt for Innouation every day.
 All out of joynt, dejected, and dismay'd.
 Qaely the Spencers, and their Consort twy'd.

292

I sold, they bought; I wasset, they did thriue.
 They had abundance, I was Indigent.
 Their's was the honey, mine the ransack'd hime,
 Which made them grow bold, tart, and insolent,
 And thereby caus'd a Common discontent.
 Of all whose Crimes, I did Incurre the blame,
 Because my heare gave life unto the same.

J. RODAI

293

Princes attend (for I doe speake in Zeale) dgnol
 'T is not enough, that you your selues bee just,
 But you must Looke into the Common-wealth A
 And see that those whom you doe put in trusty,
 Doe governe by the Law, not by their Lust.
 For hee indeed the wrong doth perpetrate,
 That may redresse, yet doth it rotte.

294

And so you make their wickednesse your owne
 By suffring them to sinne without Controul.
 But let not Widowes teares bedew your Throne.
 Nor poore mens sighes sent from a grieved Soule.
 Nor Orphans prayers (w^{ch} heau'n doch stil penfull)
 Nor common curses caus'd by publick gricuance,
 Draw Judgements down on you, for their mischieuance.

Kings

295

Kings must vse some : And may chuse of the best,
 But let them still remember, what men are,
 Let not all Lawes bee lock'd vp in one brest.
 Let not ones onely Censure make or marre ;
 For men haue passions, which oft strain them farre,
 " The most sees least : few best : But none sees all,
 " Who hath not, doth : who doth not, yet may fall.

296

I doe not barke against Authoritie,
 My heart did neuer lodge vnreuerend thought.
 Heau'n knowes, how I adore just Soueraigntie,
 How oft my soule wth vpheau'd hands haue sought
 Vnto that God, whose precious bloud vs bought.
 IACOB. I. For our right vertuous^{*} King, This peacefull
 And all those powers, he doth subordinate. (Seate

297

Long before this, how often haue I pray'd
 Vnto th' Almighties supreame Majestie.
 And in a faichfull Zeale devoutly said ;
 When louid E L I Z A (of blest memorie)
 Shall pay the debt of all mortalitie.
 And leaue her Crowne vpon this Earth, To bee
 Translated to a Crowne in Heau'n with thee.

298

Doe not againe a Conquering Williams bring,
 Nor an intruding Stephen, to steere our helme.
 Let neither power, nor practise make a King
 That hath not lawfull Title to the Realme,
 Least Ciuell broyles (so caus'd) should ouerwhelme
 The fortify'd foundations of our Land
 Which thou hast layd by thine E L I Z A E s hand.

And

299

And if one beam of thy resplendent light
 Most faire, all gladding Sunne chance to descend
 Upon this short Abridgement, which I write.
 Let no conceit thy Sacred selfe offend ;
 For It was chiefly molded to this end,
 To shew, how much our selues obliged stand,
 For that firme Peere, that now doth blesse our

300

(Land.

Which by Collation of those gloomy dayes
 Appeare more full of Comfort, and Content.
 But I goe on : Muse, keepe the beaten wayes,
 Whilst Spencers rul'd with Common discontent,
 Eu'n God him-selfe inflicted Punishment,
 Vpon the Prince, the People, and the Land,
 Which felt the weight of his afflicting hand.

302

The King him-selfe was full of diffidence,
 And sought to strengthen his Partialitie.
 The Lords (not brooking Spencers Insolence,)
 Did league themselves with strong formalitie.
 The best were guiltie of Neutralitie.
 The vulgar sort were tyded vp, and dowsed.
 As fortune pleas'd to favour, or to frown.

302

The Earth her selfe (as sorrowing for her Sonnes,
 Or weary of their soule misgovernement)
 Grew out of heart, and barren so becomes.
 Not yeelding men, sufficient to bee spent,
 But seem'd to droope away with languishment.
 So may wee see, how God vnfructifies,
 A fruitfull Land, for mens Impieties.

The

303

The louring heau'ns do seem to drop down teares
As if they wept, to wash the sinfull Earth,
Infectious fogges, and gloomye cloudes appeares;
W^{ch} choke the growth of all things in their birth,
Heau'n, Earth, and All conspir'd to make a dearth.

O see, when God takes Armes against his Land,
Hee can enroll all Creatures in a band.
Lxxviij

304

Great was the want, of that vnhappie time,
The Earth not yelding her accustom'd store,
And that which was, whilst greedy men put loye
And hoord It vp : They make the Famine more,
Grinding thereby the faces of the poore.

As if God's heauie hand were too too light,
Vnlesse eu'n Man should study mans despight.

305

Such men are Traytors eu'n to Natures law,
And doe conspire against the Common good.
They wring the bread out of the poore mans jaw,
By keeping vp the Corne, whilst they want food
But without doubt, God will require they r blood.
Their guiltlesse blood, which from the earth shall
And begge revenge for such Impietie. (cry

306

If but one sparke of Grace in them did dwell.
Did they respect humaine Societie,
Had they a hope of Heau'n, or feare of Hell;
Or any little fence of Pietie,
Did they in heart conceire a Dietie, (too,
And that most Inst, most wise, most powerfull
They would forbear, what God forbids to doe.
But

397

But neither feare of God, nor Loue of men,
Nor just Compassion of a Publicke ill
Can worke vpon their steely hearts : And then
“ Cercive meanes best fits a stubborne will,
Else they’l bee hard’ned in their malice still.
For often-times (we see) where Nature fayles
Law Interposes, and indeed preuailes.

308

The auncient Roman state in It’s chiefe Pride,
When It was gouern’d with most sound advice :
Had *Leges Exumentarias*, to prouide
That Corne should not grow to too high a Price,
And sure It was a course both Iust and wise, (kindly)
When men grow monstrous, eu’n against their
Wee must like Monsters them inclose and bind.

309

But now I must not bee misunderstood,
I doe not passe a heauie Censure heere,
Vpon such men, as for the generall good
Store vp the plentie of a fruitfull Yeere.
And keepe it safe, till more cause doth appeare,
To vent the same : And when such cause shall be,
As they were frugall, so they must bee free.

310

Religious Joseph in the Ægyptian Land
Stor’d vp much graine, and at an easie Rate,
He had his warrant sign’d with Gods owne hand,
Both for the publicke good of the whole State
(To which hee did that graine Communicate)
And to relieve his Fathers familie
In those ensuing yeeres of Scarcitie
And

311

And so wee may (and must) after like fashion
 When there is great abundance to come. In.
 Prouide both for the wants of our owne Nation,
 And to helpe those that our Confiners bin

“ Frugall prouision never was a Sinne,

It is a just, and honest Policie

So to prouide against necessarie.

312

But in a time of Dearth, when there is want,
 Then for a man to hoord, and hide his graine,
 With an Intent, to make the same more scant ;
 And so to rayse the price for his owne gaine,
 Is such a Sinne, as were I to ordaine

A Law against It, for the Common good,

I should (with *Draco*) write that Law in blood.

313

But (O) what times are these wherein wee liue ?
 In which, wee neither can Indure the Sore
 Nor yet the Salue ; The Causes why we grieve,
 Nor yet the means, which shalld our States restore.
 Once *Pharoes* Kine (which were but leane & pore)
 Deuour'd the fat : Those times are altred cleane
 For now we see, The fat deuoures the leane.

314

But whilst, Impatient hunger did constraine
 The vulgar sort, to eate vnhealthy food,
 A great Mortalitie began to raigne,
 Spilling too much (but most Plœbeian) blood.
 And after Dearth came Death with angry mood.

Loywretched man, how woes still come in grosse
 And after One succeeds a second Crosse.

When

315

When God seuerely scourgeth any Land (woes.
Hee seconds Plagues with plagues, and woes with
Hec taketh his three-stringed whip in hand
Of Dearth, of death, of home, or forreine Foes,
And from these three all desolation growes.

What true Content, what rest to man remaines,
When ills by Ounces : Good scarce comes by

316 (Graines.)

And to increase the current of my Care,
A slauish Groome (*John Poydras was his name.*)
Borne in the West ; At *Exeter*, did dare
To bruit abroad, that he from *Long-shankes* came,
And I a Changling was suppos'd the same

That hee in truth was, *Edwards lawfull Sonne,*
And by a Nurse this treacherie was done.

317

But afterward, (of his vnruth convicted)
Hec did confesse that hee was mou'd to that
By those blacke Artes, that God hath Interdicted,
And by a Spirit, in likenesse of a Cat,
Who did assure him, by this damned plat.

Hec should vnto the Soueraigntie attaine,
But a poore Rope seru'd to preuent his Raigne.

318

Heere, giue me leave a little while to dwell
Vpon the Nature of this accident,
First I obserue : The Divels cannot fore-tell
Before things Come, what will bee theyr euent ;
If that the same bee properly Contingent.

That is, That may bee, and not bee as-well.

And such no Deuill, no Spirit can fore-tell.

All

319

All future things, that haue, or may be told,
 Are in themselues, or by their causes knowne.
 Things in themselues God onely can vnfold,
 And yet sometimes hee doth Impart his owne
 And proper knowledge, of such things to Come
 Vnto such Agents, as hee please t'inspire
 With some small sparkles of his heau'nly fire.

320

Such were the holy Prophets in their dayes
 Who Onely by th' Infusion of his Grace,
 Fore-told strange things, such likewise did he raise
 At seyall times, eu'n from the Gentill Race,
 And in that Ranck some doe the Sybils place.

Who by the glimmering of his glorious Light,
 Of things to come, did oft diuine aright.

321

Those things that by theyr causes are conceiu'd
 Doe eyther follow of necessitie,
 Therefore in them en'men are not deceiu'd
 Or grounded else on probabilitie,
 Or they doe hit by meere contingencie.

The first, the Diu'l's most certainly conceiu'd
 Guesse at the second, In the last deceiu'e.

322

1 And yet because of long Experience,
 2 And by their wondrous knowledge in all the Arts
 3 And for no Earthly substance dims their sence
 4 And by their speedy motion, which Imparts
 A present knowledge, from remotest parts.

I grant they fully comprehend those things,
 Which vnto vs great admiration brings.

But

323

But when in truth, The things are so Conceal'd;
As neither causes nor effects appeare,
Then those occurrents are by them reueal'd
In such a sort, as double fense may beare,
Alwayes ambiguous, cloudie, never cleare.

And such were those same Oracles of Old,
That were by *Phaebas*, or by *Hamon* told.

324

I will be no retayler of such wares,
For they are cheape, and common vnto all.
But I obserue, what comes to such mens shares,
I note the fearefull Judgements, that doe fall
Vpon such Artists, as doe vse to call.

Which both the ancient *Annals* doe record,
And moderne stories of our times afford.

325

Some burnt with fire, as *Zoroastes* was,
And some the Earth did swallow vp aliue.
As *Amphiram*, when that he did passe
To *Thebes*: Some their owne Spirits did deprive
Of breath, and so Pope *Benedict* did thriue,
The ninth of that same name, whose vitall line
The Diu'll himselfe by strangling did vntwine.

326

Nicephorus, and so *Abdias* tells,
How *Simon Magus* flying in the Ayre,
By Magicke Art, and by enchanting spels,
Fell downe, and brake his boanes at *Peters* prayer,
And so he dy'd in horror and dispaire.
O God! how farre thy hand is stretched out,
To poure downe vengeance on this damned Rout.

327

But to retурne, from whence I did digresse,
 Besides this Common confluence of ill,
 Those warres I vnderooke, God did not blesse,
 But euermore they were successelesse still ;
 Because I fail'd both in advice and skill.

Which being manag'd without due respect,
 How could their ends, but sort to such effect.

328

Most true It is : A Power of fearefull Harts,
 That by a Princely Lyon is but led,
 Shall in the field exploit more glorious parts,
 Then Armed Lyons with a Hart, their head ;
 Besides, Warres thriue as they are managed.

And in the streme of Action, sound advice,
 Preuailes as much, as doth bold enterprize.

329

A Ship well mann'd, well viſtual'd, tackled well
 Without a skilfull Pilote steere the same,
 Doth in that watry world in danger dwell,
 Looke what the Pilote is to that huge frame,
 To armed Troopes the chieftaine is the same.

Who wanting either Courage, or fore-sight,
 Ruines himselfe, and all his armie quite.

330

In managing of Ciuell home designes,
 If any Councell, be not wisely fitted,
 There yet remaines some sparke in after times
 To execute, what was before omitted,
 Or to correct, what was before committed.

But in the field, when Armies joyne in shooke
 One onely Error brings all to the blocke.

And

331

And hence (as I conceiue) It doth proceed,
That excellent Commanders are so rare.
Because they must be very wise Indeed;
To take the least advantages that are,
And very valiant to attempt, and dare. (twaine)
And (O) how seldom meet in one these
A Lyons heart, joyn'd with a Foxes braine.

332

Troy onely stories forth one Hectors fame.
One Alexander Name of (Great) did merit;
One Hanibal from Carthage onely Came,
And but one Pyrrus Empire did Inherit,
So sparing are the Heau'ns of such a spirit.
That no one Climate hath produced many
And many one hath scarce beene blest with any;

333

The Theban State no greatness did attaine
But onely in Epaminundas time.
Who being dead : That did grow weake againe,
He was the Sunne, that lightned all that Clime,
His setting was their fall : His rise their Prime.
Before Inglorious, after of no name,
Such powerfull vertue from that Chieftaine came.

334

Therefore in truth, I doe not lumph with those
Who thinke the Prince for Conduct in the field,
Should both himselfe, and common wealth repose
Vpon some Chieftain, whil'st himselfe doth wield
The home-affaires : which more assurance yield.
In shew I grant : but weighing every thing,
Such seeming safeties certaine dangers bring.

335

For if Ambition seize vpon the Soule
(As 'tis a passion apt to encertaine,
And once possest, no just respects Controule)
I would aduise the Prince that then doth raigne
To doubt th'euent : 'Tis worser to complaine,
Then be complayn'd of : & who doth not know
How many Kings haue beene vncrowned so.

336

This was þ Rock, that wrackt great Mercuees Line,
And brought the Crowne of France to Martells
For Childericke was forced to resigne (Race;
To Pepin (Martells Sonne) his Princely place.
And so likewise Hugh Capit did displace
The Line of Pepin, and advanc't his owne,
Because in warre his worth was greater growne.

337

A Subject may in shape a Prince excell,
A Subject may more then his Soveraigne know
Eyther in Artes, or in discoursing well.
Hee may be stronger to vahorse his soc,
And yet no danger to the Scepter so.

But if in Armes the Subject growes too great,
The Prince may chance be set besidethis Seat.

338

Therefore let Princes labour to attaine
The Art of warre, by all the meanes they can ;
Because, It doth inable him to raigne,
And makes him greater, then a priuate man,
That often hath the Supreame Title wanne

Of sole Commander : which who doth possesse
Is scarce a Prince : and yet but somewhat lesse.

To

339

To haue such troopes of Souldiers at command,
 To haue such store of wealth, which men affect,
 To haue such potent meanes by Sea or Land,
 To execute what e're they would effect,
 To be obseru'd with duty and respect;
 By forreigne States, and home dependencie,
 Are shadowes at the least of Soveraigntie.

340

And he that oft hath tasted that delight,
 Wherwith such powerfull greatnes doth bewitch,
 Is hardly brought to humble so his Spirit,
 As not to thinke himselfe aboue the pitch
 Of Common men : More eager is the Itch
 To mount the top, of One, that's vp hafse way,
 Then his, that still at lowest step doth stay.

341 (Armes

Therefore the Prince, whose forces, and whose
 By other, then himselfe Commanded bin,
 Must (for prevention of ambitious harmes)
 Haue many Chieftaines to Imploy therein,
 So shall no One be able for to win

So strong a partie, but another may
 Serue for a Helpe : to be crost in his way.

342

But is there then, No Cement for to joyne
 The Prince, and pow'rfull Peere so close, so fast,
 That th'one shall not suspect, nor th'other clime ?
 Or is the state of things so strangle plac'd
 That men cannot be good with greatnesse grac'd?

Must Princes feare the noblest vertues still?

Or must a Subject vse such vertues ill?

343

O no, such mindes a glasse of vertue beare,
 But no essentiall part of her partake,
 " A Kingly Nature cannot nourish feare, (sake,
 " And vertuous soules Loue good for goodnesse
 " And onely that their Actions ayme doe make.
 Where such as borrow vertues for a time,
 Are dangerous men, and very apt to clime.

344

Especially, If their designements bend
 To Compasse that, which we dependance call.
 If all their actions leuell at this end,
 T'endeare themselues vnto the Generall,
 They will bee easily drawne to throw at all,
 When they haue got the dice into their hand,
 By hauing often Conduct, and Command.

345

The Antidote for Princes to preserue (plattes
 Their States vndanger'd from such poysonous
 Is onely Justice : which who doth obserue
 In alldesignes, to men of all estates, (Hates.
 And is not swaid with Feares, Hopes, Loues, or
 Or any passion, but goes eu'nly on
 That Prince is wise, and doth secure his Throne.

346

Let all the Politickes that breath this day
 Racke their conceits, vntill they break their braine.
 They never shall inuent a better way
 Wherby a Prince may with assurance raigne,
 Then to be truely just : and to retaine
 An eu'n proportion Arithmaticall,
 Which giueth equall Justice vnto all.

This

347

This is the Mother both of Loue, and Feare,
 This doth ingender dutie, and desire,
 This doth the Prince from all suspition cleare,
 Because it doth Cut-off the meanes to aspire,
 This distributes to all deserued Hire,

Whereby the Subje~~t~~ & hauing his just due,
 Doth rest Contented, and Contented, trae.

348

And you great Starres, whose powerfull Influence
 May worke so much, be not Irregular :
 Move fairely in your Orbes without offence,
 Be Nobles truely, and not Titular ;
 But stay my Muse, how apt art thou to erre.

From thy first path, returne, and make it plaine,
 That Armes are safest for a Soveraigne.

349

Not onely to preuent aspyring harmes
 Would I haue Kings Commanders of their owne,
 But chiefly I would haue them practise Armes,
 That their great spirits might be the better shoun,
 And haue more vent to make their vertues known.

For greatness doth much in opinions rest,
 And that's maintain'd by being in action best.

350

Besides, 'tis certaine, all men wish to serue
 Rather in the Kings eye, then by his Eare
 Nothing inflames the Soule, more to deserue,
 More quickens honour, more expelleth feare,
 Then when the Prince in presence doth appeare.
 To checke the Coward, & with praise, and merit
 To grace the Actions of a gallant Spirit.

351

This of all Causes, that I can Conceiue
 Made *Alexander* Monarch of the East.
 It is a mightie motiue, not to leaue
 Theyr Soueraigne Prince in danger, or distrest,
 Ill thriue they heere on Earth (in heau'n vnablest)
 That thinke not so: And grant (O dearest Lord)
 That men, and Angels to my prayers accord.

352

Wise was that State, and very well advis'd
 Whose forces being often put to flight,
 Still finding bad successe, at length devis'd
 To bring theyr Infant Prince into the fight,
 Eu'n in his Cradle, that his very sight (true,
 Might give them better heart ; which prou'd most
 For they did fight, and fighting did subdue.

353

Besides, those vnder- Officers that are
 Employ'd, according to each severall place,
 Will with more Faith, and more respectiue Care
 Intend their Charge before the Princes face,
 So to auoyd both danger, and disgrace.

And then the Common Souldier serueth best,
 When hee's respected most, and fleeced least.

354

And (though I know Examples doe not proue)
 Yet is the state of things not so Confounded.
 But that those selfe-same motiues still may move,
 On which their resolutions then were grounded.
 Therfore since Nor-man *William* first was Crowne'd,
 Who list suruey our Kings, canot but yield (ned,
 Their states thriu'd best, who most did keep y field
 Yet,

355

Yet, if the Prince by Age disabled bee,
 Or otherwise, by any like defeſt ;
 Or if the Sex with Armes doth not agree,
 Then let them make fit choyſe, with much respect
 Of men of greatest vertues, to direct
 Their martiall forces, and the more they traime
 In ſuch Deſignes, The ſafer is their Raigne.

356

Because that Prince with more assurance liues
 That doth rely on many, then on One.
 For nothing ſooner apt occation giues
 To ſwelling Spirits, for to worke vpon,
 Then if they often haue Command alone,
 Especially, If men doe hold them ſuch,
 As without them, The State cannot doe much.

357

Besides, it caufeth Enuie on all parts,
 Many malignant humours will bee bred ;
 If that the Prince all powerfulness Imparts
 Solely to One, which eu'lynly quartered
 Sets many Spirits on worke : Who all are fed
 At leaſt with hopes, which else perhaps might fall
 To practice, If one hand ingroſſed all.

358

Nor would I haue the Prince to nouriſh feares
 Or jealousies, of ſuch as well deserue.
 But let them make, and keepe great ſpirits theirs,
 And let their fauours, and their bounties ſerue
 As chaines to bind them, that they may not ſwerue
 From loyall Dutie : Stronger is that Tye,
 Then Cunning practice, or ſterne Crueltie.

And

359

And since, they must haue Agents of their will
 For Execution of their enterprizes,
 Or bee themselues Ingag'd in action still.
 Let nor vngrounded feares, and false surmises
 Vnspt theyr meanes, and croisse their own deuises.
 " For who suspects, when no cause doth appeare,
 " Dost give a cause to that, which he doth feare.

360

So *Commodus*, and *Bassianus* so,
 (Two Princes of a most mistrustfull braine)
 Did spinne the thrid of their owne ouerthrow
 By diffidence, which they did entertaine
 Of theyr own Creatures, by whó they were slaine
 Onely to sauе themselues : Whilst cauillesse feare
 Did make them guiltie, which before were cleare.

361

Where liues the man, that may in peace possesse
 The happie blessings of a private state?
 Yet proittutes him selfe to wretchednesse,
 To Care of mind, to bodies Toyle, to hate
 Of Envie, to the violence of Fate,
 To teachy times ; To dangers imminent,
 If vertue findes no grace, but discontent.

362

Therefore let Princees weigh their Seruants merits,
 And grace them most, that haue deserved best,
 So shall respected vertue raise new spirits.
 And euery noble heart, and gentle brest
 Will boile with Zeale, which will not let them rest
 Till they haue rob'd of blood each severall veyne,
 To doe due seruice to theyr Soueraigne.

But

363

But if the Prince too much distrustfull bee,
 Sad, sowre, and of a melancholy mind,
 Hard of accesse, close-handed, nothing free,
 To best deseruers euer most vnkind.

Let such an One assure himselfe to find
 False hearts, and feeble hands, but certaine hate
 If any danger threatens his estate.

364

Besides, the foule defacing of his glory,
 And the remembance of his living shame,
 Which will recorded bee in every storie,
 And euery Annall will report the same,
 And taxe with hatefull tyrranie his Name.

And why should Kings bee so Ill-gouerned
 That their blacke deeds should liue, when they

365

(dead?

A Thousand yeares, and more are gone, and past,
 Since that *Justinian* did the Empire sway
 And yet his foule dishonour still doth last;
 And will doe still, whilst there is night, and day.
 Because hee did vnworthily repay

Thy Seruices (good *BELLISARIVS*)

To whom hee was vnjustly Tyrannous,

366

(thine?

What though hee did plucke forth those Eyes of
 (The chearfull Lamps y lightned those dark dayes)
 Yet thy great Acts (maugre his malice) shine
 As bright, and glorious as the Sunnie rayes,
 And Time both sees, and speakes thy lasting praise.

What though hee made thee * beg from doore to
 Thou shalt be rich in honor, he bat poore. (doore?
 Besides,

*De obulam
 Bellisario vi-
 ator, quen-
 cula ecca-
 nis, forma-
 sua petitionis*

367

Besides, God doth Ingratitude detest,
 But loues kind officees from man to man ;
 For sweetnes, goodnes, priuate States are blest.
 And much more Kings : Because, indeed they can
 Do much more good : They measure not by th' span
 But by the Ell : And as their meanes are more,
 With abler winges so must they higher sore.

368

Iacob. I. And (O deare God, the fountaine of all good)
 How much obliged are these times to thee ?
 For our most blessed * Prince, of greatest blood ;
 And yet of greater vertue ; Happie wee,
 Yea ten times happie, that haue liv'd to see
 So many rare perfections joyn'd in One.
 And that same. One to sit vpon our Throne.

369

I doe not purpose to perfume my Rimes
 With the false wash of servile Flatterie,
 I rather am too bold with these our Times.
 But I appeale to Gods All-seeing Eye
 (To which our closest drifts doe open lye)
 How my true Pen writes from my feeling heart,
 When I (Great King)but shadow what thou art.

370

And (O) how blest, how deare the heau'ns do loue
 That happie State, where vertuous Princes sway ?
 O sweet Experience, now by thee wee proue,
 Wee taste, wee touch that blessing every day,
 And graunt (All-guiding God) that long we may
 Long in him selfe, and so long in his Race,
 Till Time unto Eternitie give place.

But

371

Bat whither hath my Zeale, my Soules desire
 With seruent passion led my Pen astray ?
 To my first subiect now I will retire,
 And bring my Mule into the beaten way,
 And sing of thy disaster, and decay ;

O fatall Edward, whose Ill gouern'd Crownē
 Both ruin'd others, and thy selfe cast downe.

372

But yet of all the multiplicitie
 Of seuerall ills, that doe vnhappy life ;
 There was no greater Infelicite
 Then was the false-hood of his faultie Wife,
 " That bolome wound, that deadly poysōd knife
 " That stabs the Soule, and never finds reliefe ;
 " But kils with outward shame, & inward griefe.

373

O what a Chaos of Confused ill
 Is in the Compasse of this Sinne Contain'd?
 First, violation of GODS Sacred will.
 Next Parents, Brothers, Sisters are defam'd.
 The Common-wealth by Bastardy is stayn'd.
 Inheritances wrongfully possēt.
 The Husband scorn'd, 6. Wife loath'd, 7. And
 8. babes vnblest.

374 (babes vnblest.

The festrous Sore growes to a dangerous head,
 Now Mortimer begins to play his prisē.
 A brauer spirit Nature never bred,
 Of goodly presence, to attract the Eyes,
 Of sweet Discourse, wherein great Influence lyes
 Of high resolute, and of a noble heart,
 No want of Nature, and all Ayde of Art.

This

1
2
3
4
5

375

This was the *Paris*, which my *Hellen* wonne,
 And this *Promethius* stole my heau'ly fire:
 This was the Eagle, ayring in the Sunne,
 "Hee's more then man, that can restraine desire,
 Especially, being wag'd by such a hire.

A Queene, and young, and faire, he's halfe a *Zone*
 "Whom honour, youth, & beautie cannot moue.

376

And (though there bee no just excuse for sinne)
 Yet I S A B E L L, This will I say for thee.
 "Tis hardly kept, what many striue to winne,
 "The finest Cloath doth soonest staine (we see)
 Perhaps thou took'st thy President from mee.
 'Twas like for like: though in thee wrong It were
 Yet was It right and just for mee to beare.

377

Besides, Hee did employ all potent meanes
 To vndermine the bulwarke of her brest,
 And (O) that Sexe too much by Nature leanes
 To Change of loues: What need it bee opprest,
 With winning Art? But men will doe their best
 To scale the Fort: And till the same be wonne,
 "It is vndone, desir'd: Repented done.

378

And after many sweet intising baytes,
 When hee had something diu'd into her heart,
 Hee then fit opportunitie awaytes,
 To act the last, and best of all his part.
 Wherein hee was to shew his Master Art.

Which hauing got: Thus hee begins the field,
 To conquer her, that of her selfe did yeeld.

Faire

379

Faire Queene (qd. He) may I behold thy beautie ?
 Why not, (quoth she) The Sunne is scene of all.
 And shall I speake, respecting still my duty ?
 Why not (qd. she ?) ~~for~~ heares the Captiuē thrall?
 Shall not diuidaine on my endeauours fall ?
 Feare not (qd. she) great minds take all in worth,
 Not Pearle, but Flint sends sparkes of fire forth.

380 (woe,

Then beautious Queene, my words shall vent my
 I loue : how sweet were that same sound frō thee ?
 For once (qd. she) I am pleas'd to play the Echo,
 I loue : It is no perfect point (quoth he) ~~indeed~~
 The sentence wants, except your Grace addes : Me
 You said not so, I made but repition,
 To greatest sammes (faire Queene) needs no

381 (addition.

Why then (qd. shee) what is't that I should addre ?
 Adde fancie to affection gracious Queene,
 Let not desire in tawny weeds bee clad,
 No suite becomes sweet Loue, so well as greene,
 Adde Loue to loue, Loue will more louely seeme.
 Believe me (sweet) stolne fruit contenteth most,
 Then spare not that, which being spar'd is lost.

382

Ah Mortimer, Thou know'ſt (qd. she) I may not.
 Madame (qd. he) I know you may, but will not.
 What if I will ? Why then sweet Queen delay not.
 Edward will know : why say he doth, It skils not :
 Fame wil defame : fame wel may hurt, but kils not.
 Danger may grow : That will indeere delight,
 So darkeſt grounds make white to shew more white.

Thou

383

Theu wilt be false : then Sun leese thou thy light;
 Why being Eclips'd, thou know'st it oft doth so.
 Let water burne: I know thou hitt' st It right,
 From Englands Bathes such boyling waters flow,
 Bee Constant Moone, when I vncertain grow,
 That fitteth well : Shee changing : You vndtrue:
 Nay you the Moone, and I the man in you.

384

I'le cry : Doe Madam, Shed some teares for joy.
 You wrong me much, yet wrong'd you will not
 I pray thee leue : 'Tis but an Idle Toy : (tell:
 'Tis true : and Toyes please Ladies passing well ?
 I cannot yield : No, women must but spell
 Men put together : That's my part to play :
 I'le cry : I'le kisse, and so begin the fray.

385

You will : Nay then I must, because you will,
 Women are weak(poore soules)and dare not fight
 Who euer rises, we goe downward still,
 And yet fond men will say, that we are light,
 Well, 'tis our Fortunes, and the destines spight.
 I am Content, because I cannot chuse,
 'Tis best to take, what bootes not to refuse.

386

Thus Mortimer did steale this fleece of gold,
 That storie (so apply'd) doth ill agree :
 Shee rather was Medea, fierce, and bold,
 And gaue away that golden fleece : 'Twas shee
 That let another griffe upon my Tree
 The fruit of sin, and shame; whence did proceed,
 Matter, that made me both to blush, and bleed.

O

387

O woman! Thou art euer in extremes,
 Eyther an *Aetna* or a *Caucasus*:
 Or burning, like the Dog-starres fierie gleames,
 Or like North windes too bleake, and boisterous.
 Eyther too mirthfull, or too mischieuous.

Yet of the twaine (since needs thou wilt be such)
 Thy fire is better, then thy frost by much.

388

Thy ouer-louing may prove Jealousie
 And that's an amorous sicknesse, a kind paine,
 But hatred Is the Dame of Crueltie,
 And at the very Life-bloud still doth Ay me.
 But leauing this: Goe to thy Loomes againe
 Vnwearied Muse: till thou hast won a at will
 The wotull storie of poore *Edwards III.*

389

'Tis not the Ayre, whereby we liue, and breath,
 'Tis not the Earth, the Mother of vs all,
 Nor Starres aboue, nor is it Hell beneath,
 Nor yet those Spirits which we our Demons call.
 Nor chance, which seemes to sway things casuall.
 That are the sole efficients of our Euils
 We, to our selues, are eyther Gods, or Devils.

390

But I was still the latter of the twaine,
 My selfe-wrought woe beares witnes of the same.
 And you great Lords, y liu'd, whil'st I did raigne
 And were consumed with the turious flame
 Of my enraged wrath, I will not blame
 Your wayward Pride, nor yet my wiues vngrowth.
 My seed was Sin, my Crop was shame, and ruth.

H

And

391

And when did euer that accursed field
 Beare other haruest, then such thriflesse weed?
 Can poysone d'fountaines wholsome waters yield?
 Or doe not wormes out of corruption breed?
 Mischiefeth the Dam, pregnant with sinfull seed,
 Brings forth her daughter Miserie at last,
 And they are alwayes glew'd together fast.

392

There can be no divorce betweene these twaine,
 They mix, or rather they incorporate.
 Like to the Poles of Heau'n it doth remaine
 Constant and fix'd: Sinne is vnfornunate,
 Still drawing Iudgements downe, on each estate.
 Wh^{ch} somtimes are defer'd, not following streight,
 But what time looseth, is repay'd with weight.

393

How many houses haue bin rais'd by Sirine,
 And flourish'd faire, for one, or two discents.
 But still the third vnprosperous hath bin,
 And God hath crost them, with some strange events
 Whereof these times yield many presidents.
 But stay my Muse, If thou wilt shun offence
 Thou must not meddle with the present Tence.

394

Speake of the Spencers mightie in their dayes,
 Let Edward be the Subject of thy Pen.
 Who did his Minions to such greatnesse rayse
 That the whole State was by them manag'd then,
 As men with Counters, So doe Kings with men.
 Sometimes they stand for halfe pence, and anon
 What was but so, becomes a Million.

But

395

But when my Peeres did see, how I was bent
 To make base waxen wings to mount the skye,
 Whil'st their faire Plumes were pluck't wth vile co^r.
 And they deprest with scorne and Injury. / tempt.
 To late left Armes they got them by and by.

They moved warre, the Spencers to remoue,
 Hate armed them, and I was arm'd by Lowe.

396

They leuied men, I likewise men did leuie.
 Both raised all the Forces wee could make :
 A Tyrants hand (they say) was too too heauie.
 A traytors head (I said) became a stake.
 They vow'd redresse, I vow'd revenge to take.

We met, and meeting fought, & fighting found,
 No hurt more grieues, then doth a telfe-wrought

397

(wounds)

O English Peeres ! relinquish Impious Armes,
 Build not your weightiest actions vpon sand,
 'Tis not the Colour of pretended harmes,
 Nor seeming zeale vnto your Natiue Land,
 Nor reformation (though you beare in hand

The people so) of some abuse of Lawes
 That can make lawfull your vnlawfull Cause.

398

These are, (and euer haue bin) those smooth Oyles
 With which soule treason seekes to paint her face :
 That she might seeme faire, pleasing full of smiles,
 So to win loue, and gaine the peoples grace,
 Who silly Gudgions ever bite apace.

But Vntill the fatal hooke be swallowed downe,
 Where with Ambition Angles for a Crowne.

H 2

Who

399

Who euer practis'd against Prince, or State
 But alwayes did pretend the Common good ?
 Thereby to draw into contempt, or hate.
 The course of governement, as then it stood.
 This hath beene still the marrow, life, and blood
 Of such Attempts: But here the rule stands fast,
 " What's thought-on first, Is executed last.

400

For when that once their priuate turne is seru'd,
 The care of Common wealth Is layd aside,
 That did but whet the knife, with w^{ch} they car'd
 For their owne good : That vizor did but hide
 Some Secret ends, not fit to be discry'd
 Untill accomplish'd: which once brought to passe
 The Common State stands as before it was.

401

And for to angle men, Crimes must be made
 Against the Prince: If he be without torch,
 So that no just exceptions can be had.
 Then must the Imputation rest on such
 Who being neare the Prince, are vsed much.
 For this is certaine : " They that stand on high,
 " Are fairest markes for foulest oblique.

402

But though the Arrow seemeth at them aym'd,
 Yet through their sides it wounds the Princes brest
 Whose reputation cannot be but stain'd
 By their reproach, whom they doe favour best.
 And they that kill the birds, would spoile the nest.

But what's intended, must be closely wrought,
 And that pretended, which was never thought.

Why

403

Why should vaine man still daube his actions thus
 With outward whit-lime, that are pitch'd within,
 " Eu'n wicked Kings must be Indur'd by vs.
 " Whate're the cause be, Treason is a sinne,
 " Rebellious Armes cannot true ho neur win.
 " The word is not the Subjects : His defence
 " In all extremes : Is Prayer, and Patience.

404

Therefore deare spirits, dye not your silver Armes
 Into a Sanguine, with your Mothers bloud.
 Let not vnciuill hands cause ciuill harmes,
 For priuate griefe, confound not publike good,
 " Not all the water in th e Ocean flood
 " Can wash the Sin from you, and your Allyes,
 " For Treason lies, although the Traitor dyes.

405

Sweet Tren: ! How were thy Christall-waters
 With English-bloud, that was at Burton shed.
 Let Burrow-bridge a Golgotha bee nam'd,
 A field of death, wherein lay buried
 So many people, and all Natiues bred. (ploy'd;
 'Gainst forreigne foes, had those liues bin I m-
 We had not grieu'd, thought they had nobly dy'd.

406

At last, the doubtfull victorie prou'd mine,
 The Barons lost the day, and lost their liues.
 Their heads went off, whose hearts did so repine
 Against their Prince, " For treason seldom thrives,
 " That great all-seeing God, whose knowledge
 " Into the deepest secrets of the Soule, (dues
 " Vnjust attempts in Iustice doth Controule.

H. 3

Great

407

The Plantagenet King of England and his Heirs
Tho. Plantagenet King of England and his Heirs
Earle of Lancaster- Great * Lancaster, then whom, No greater Earle
 This greatest Isle of Europe had before.

Lancaster, Good Lancaster: in goodnes such a Pearle,
 That him the vulgar sort did long adore,
 Had then his head strucke off, and many more
 Eu'n of the greatest, felt the selfe-same stroake,
 " So lightning spares the shrub, & rends y Oake.

408

And here be pleas'd, to make this obseruation,
 The Popular, and ouer powerfull Peere.
 That doth Command too much in any Nation
 Breeds in his Prince, both Ialousie and feare,
 Is enuy'd eu'n of those of his owne Spheare.
 Vn tunes the vulgar: tumults the whole State,
 And to himselfe proves most vnfornatue.

409

(Crown

Richard Ne. That make king * Warwicke hauing th' English
Earle of Warwick. Pinn'd on his sleeve, to place where he thought best,
 Who set vp * Princes, and did pull them downe.
 How did he toyle the Land with his vrest?
 How did his sword rip vp his Mothers brest?
 Whose greatnesse, and his popularitie
 Wrought both his owne, and others Tragedie.

410

O that we could not Instance in our dayes,
 Then some of match-less vertues had not so
 By popular dependancie, and praise
 Bin drawne to fatall courses, full of woe,
 Which caus'd their owne, and others ouerthrow.
 But wishes come too late, when things are done
 And men are borne to that, they cannot shun.

“ Y

411

- " Yet prudent men a present vse may make
 " Of errors past : And they are truely wise,
 " That doe from others their Instructions take
 " Not from themselves : It is too deare a price
 " So to buy wit : Bee rul'd by my aduice.
 " Learne to be wise, yet not at thine owne cost,
 " But shun those waies where thou feest others

412 (lost.)

The sword was sharp, and wounded euery where,
 Many great men of noble qualitic,
 In seuerall places were beheaded here,
 For being Actors in that treacheric,
 Which alwayes poues a mourtnefull Tragedie.

And though I know, The sword is due to such,
 Yet should a Prince forbearre to strike too much.

413

For often Executions in a State
 Especially of men of fashion
 First stirre vp pittie, then dislike, then hate,
 Then close complaint, then combination
 Then followes practise for some Alteration.

And that Indauingers all, if not withstood :
 And though vnprosperous yet It spills much

414 (bloud.)

And that same Throne, that's often wet wth bood
 Is very flipp'rie, apt to catch a fall.
 Yielding no howers rest, no pleasures good,
 Sleeping on Thornes, and feeding vpon gall,
 Still thinking, and still thinking ill of all.

Haunted with reitless feares, whilst day doth last
 And then at night, with fearefull dreames agast,

415

Our Stories doe report third *Richard* so,
 And without doubt, Hee did too much let bloud,
 Alwayes mistrustfull, both of friend, and foe.
 Ready to strike them, that but neere him stood,
 Fearefull to all, such was his furious moode.

And fearing all, as one that knew too well
 How many soules did wish his soule in hell.

416

O that a Prince might see a Tyrants mind,
 What Monsters, what Chimeras therein are.
 What horrours in his Soule, hee still doth find,
 How much him-selfe is with himselfe at warre,
 Euer diuided, full of thoughtfull Care.

What Pistols, Ponyards, Poysons he conceites,
 And thinks each-one for his destruction waites.

417

Besides, It is indeed no Policie
 (Except it bee in a meere Turkish state)
 To make the Cowne a Common Butcherie,
 To gouerne all by feare, which breedeth hate
 In noble mindes, and doth exasperate
 A free-borne People : Where the Turkish race
 Feare best Comands, being scrupule, poore, & base.

418

Princes rewards should fall like gentle Raine,
 Which comming softly, doth the longer last,
 That theyr sweet relish might still fresh remaine.
 Their Executions should bee done in hast,
 Like sodaine furious stormes, that soone are past.
 Because, when once the violence Is done,
 Th'offence thereof might bee forgot and gone.

One

420

One limbe of that great body, that did band
 It selfe against mee, in their factious frayes
 Was Mortimer : Who yet vpon Command
 Came In before the fight, and I streight-wayes
 Sent to the Tower, to spend his wearie dayes
 In wretched bands : restrayn'd from libertie,
 But walles of stone keepe not out Destinie.

421

Which eyther finds, or makes it selfe away.
 For Mortimer, thus sent vnto the Tower
 To free himselfe doth labour night, and day.
 And by a sleepie Potion, which had power
 To make men slumber, till a certaine hower.
 Hee found the meanes (his Keepers so made fast,
 To make escape : and got to France at last.

422

This was not done without my Queenes consent,
 Whose head, and hand were working in the same.
 Little thought I, That, that way the Hare went,
 But Sir Stephen Segrane * onely I did blame.
 Wretched mankind, how bold wee are, to frame
 Hopes to our selues : How blind to see our ill,
 That least we feare, what most doth hurt vs still.

Constable of
the Tower.

423

Doe but conceiue, how much we straine at Gnats
 And swallow Camels downe without respect.
 How hood-winck'd are we to discerne those plats
 That hurt vs most, how ready to suspect
 Our friends for foes, how apt wee are t'effect
 Our owne disaster : Mortimer goes free,
 And others dye, that lesse had wronged mee.

Obserue

423

Observe the weaknesse of Mortalitie,
It sees but little, and It can doe lesse.
Yet, I allow not of fatalitie,
Except that word bee v'sed to expresse
That all Commanding Power, that doth suppressse,
Support, set vp, pull downe, doth all in all,
Eu'n in those Actions, that seeme casuall.

424

Now did I thinke my telte, my State as sure
As if great ~~Atlas~~ did uphold the same. (pure,
The droffe being purg'd, my gold must needs bee
The smoake once gone, my fire must brightly flame
Their Eyes were out, y mark'd, & marr'd my game.
They had no hearts to dare, nor tongus to preach,
Nor hands to fight, nor busie heads to reach.

425

But heartlesse, haplesse, yea and headlesse too
Are those disturbers of our awfull Raigne. (doe,
Who would prescribe their Prince, what he should
And when, and where, and why, & whom restraine
Like Pupils, whom their Tutors doe restraine.

"To play with Edg tooles Is a dangerous thing,
"And 'tis no May-game to Controule a King.

426

Thus in a Calme, I fear'd no storme at all,
But yet too soone a sodaine Cloud did rise.
From whence such store of wintry stormes did fall
As for my shrowd, no shelter might suffice,
Vntill pale Death had clos'd my tearefull Eyes.

O bring with you, who-ever reads my fall, (all
Sad thoughts, wet Eyes, and wailing words with-

427

And thus It was : I sent my Queene to *Frante*,
 And after her, The Prince my Sonne I sent,
 To treate a Peace ; but see the fatall chance.
 They brought home War, although for Peace they
 Th' Ambitious woman, she was fully bent (went)
 To haue sole rule, and meant to put me downe.
 So *Ninus* once did loose both life and Crowne.

428

There is more mercy in the Tygers claw,
 Lesse venome in the Scorpions sting doth lye,
 More pitie in the hungry Lyons paw,
 Lesse danger in the Basiliske his Eye.
Hiana, that doth call the goers by,
 The Panthers breath, and Crocodiles false teares
 Haue truer hearts, then faithlesse women beares.

429

Let loosers speake, for they will not bee let,
 I lost my Crowne, my Life I also lost,
 My glerious rising had a gloomie set.
 My Wife the Sea, wherein my barkē was lost,
 The rocke, wherein I suffred shipwracke most.
 Shee *Clitemnestra* : *A gamemnon* I,
 Whom falie *Egistus* foully caus'd to dye.

430

His part my Riuall *Mortimer* did play
 Whom I S A B E L L my Queene so well did loue,
 That still in *France* shee meant with him to stay
 As One that would the selfe same fortunes proue,
 And moue, no otherwise then hee did moue.
 Meant while, The Cuckoe hatch'd in *Edwards* nest
 And in my Boate his Oare was liked best.

They

431

They that inioy, and joy in their owne Loues,
 Whose vertuous soules no secret sinnes doe staine.
 Who never did vnlawfull pleasures prone,
 But truly louing are so lou'd againe.
 Thrice happie they, more true Contentment gaine
 Then those that have the change & choise of many
 And vsing all, are never lou'd of any.

432

For streames diuided runne a shallower Course
 Then they, that only in one Channell runne.
 A mind vnchast, doth ever like them worse
 That are obtain'd, then those that are vnwonne.
 Because, It thinkes some pleasure is to Come
 Which yet, it hath not found ; and never ill
 Did seeme so sweet, but something wanted still.

433

For how can Sinne afford a full delight
 When 'tis indeed a meere priuation ?
 As well may darknes bee the Cause of light,
 And Heau'n to Hell bee turn'd by transformation,
 As wickednes yeeld perfect Contentation.
 " The vertuous Pleasures are Compleat & sound,
 " And lawfull is at last delightfull found.

434

But Lust is deafe, and hath no Eare to heare
 The cunning Charmer, charme he nere so well.
 VVhich did too much in *Isabell* appeare.
 VVho did resolute with *Mortimer* to dwell
 And both of them did labour to expell,
 Mee from my Kingdome : and to please the time
 They made my Sonne the colour of their Crime.

And

435

And heere obserue, the soule effects of Lust,
 What Treasons, Murders, outrage from It springs,
 How both to God, and man it is vnjust.
 How it defiles all States, Confounds all things
 And at the last, to vtter ruine brings.
 How much more pure is that most holy fire,
 Which God doth blesse, & men themselues desire.

436

I never heard of any hee or shee
 Although themselues were lewd, and vicious
 That ever wish'd theyr Off-spring for to bee
 Like to themselues : but good and vertuous.
 There's some thing in the Soule, that worketh vs
 To affect the good wee had at our Creation,
 VVhereof (being lost) wee with a restauration.

437

As Mortimer, and Isabell my Queenes
 Practis'd in France, so heere they had their factions
 Of Earles and Barons : Men of great esteeme,
 Both wise, and stout to manage any actions.
 And the poore Cōmons (grinded with Exactions)
 To Innouation were not easily led,
 And nothing wanted, but an able head.

438

But hee that waschiefe workman of the frame,
 VVhich drew the plot at home for all the rest,
 VVho afterwards did build vpon the same
 A Bishop was : Yet Church-men should be best,
 But oftentimes Sinne lurkes within the brest.
 VVhen sacred Titles, and religious names,
 Are but the Couers of vncomely shames.

'Twas

ADAM DE TARBTON, Twas Tarleton, whose great spleen, and working
ORLETON Was the Producer of this Monster first. Bruine,
OF TARTON, Who for some priuate wrong hee did sustaine,
BISHOP OF HEREFORD. An inward hate, and bosome treason nurst
 Against his Prince : Which afterwards did burst
 Into those open flames, from whence did grow
 As hatefull ILLs, as euer Age did shew.

May then Religion bee a Cloake for Sinne ?
 Can holiest Functions serue but for pretences ?
 Are Church-men Saints without, & Diu'l's within ?
 Dare men make God a colour for offences ?
 Knowing with what fierce wrath he recompences
 Eu'n simple Sinners, that scarce know his will,
 Then much more those, whose knowledge serues

(for ill.

Most reuerend Priesthood, how art thou prophan'd
 How comes thy glorious Lustre so obscure,
 That eu'n thy very Title is defam'd ?
 The Cause is plaine : Professors are impure, (cure.
 Their liues doe hurt, more then their tongues doe
 For Lay-men thinke all lawfull that they doe,
 And with that thought, are easily drawn thereto.

And so there growes a Confluence of all Sinne.
 For Sheepe will wander, If the Shepheard stray.
 Smal Boats must drown, If great Ships canot swim
 If Doctors faile, what shall poore Pupils say ?
 God helpe the blind, If cleare Eyes misse the way.
 Though Sinne doth euer draw with it, a Curse ;
 Yet doth the Author, make the sinne the worse.
 But

443

But to my selfe : I doubted what to doe,
 (For weightie Causes challege heedfull care) A
 I fear'd the French, I fear'd my Subjects too, b
 I wanted Crownes, the Sinewes of the warre. c
 Those that I had, I thought not good to spare. d
 But freely sent them to the King of France. e
 For feare hee should his Sisters part aduance. f

444

Whereby from thence shée had no Ayde at all. g
 O what a pleasing Orator is Gold ? h
 How well hee speakes, that tels a golden tale ? i
 And yet, It loues not to bee heard, but told ; j
 Although It sweetly sounds to young, and old. k
Orpheus did make y stones strange wonders doe,
 But this can moue both stonyes, and *Orpheus* too. l

445

Philip Macedon, did besiege a Hold, m
 Which some did tell him, was not to bee worne. n
 Hee answers : If an Asseladen with Gold o
 Can come vnto't ; The worke is to bee done. p
 Such is the heate, and lustre of this Sunne q
 That It doth melt the hearts, and blind the Eyes r
 Both of the brainlesse vulgar, and the wise. s

446

Which when my Queen, and Mortimer perceiu'd t
 They leauing France, to Henault went for Ayd. u
 And there with honour, they were well receiu'd, v
 Forces prepar'd, and Ensignes were display'd, w
 And Ships were rigg'd, and nothing was delay'd x
 That might aduance their Enterprize begun, y
 So deepeit Seas with smoothest silence runne. z

They

Hennich
in Effex.

447 They tooke the Sea, and landed at the last
At * Orwell Hau'n, a deadly Gulph to me
And thither their Confederates did hast,
Both Lords, and Commons seemed to agree ;
As winds, & waues Consent, whē wrackes shalbe.
All turn'd their faces to the rising Sun,
Because my date was done, and I vndone.

448 But when the voyce of Eagle-winged fame
Did spread abroad the cause of their repaire :
And seemed still to justifie the same
By due succession of my Sonne and heire,
My hope to feare : My feare turn'd to dispaire.
And my dispaire on these two grounds was laid,
My Peeres were false, my Partizans dismaid.

449 Then did I flye from London, where I lay,
Because they seemed partially affedie,
And in my flight did often weepe, and say, (Sced?
To what hard haps art thou (poore Prince) subje-
What gloomie Stars haue thus thy State infected?
That they should hate, who ought to loue thee
A hapless King, a Husband, & a father. (rather,

450 Most mightie Monarkes haue bin oft distrest,
Who yet their wiues haue los'd with tender Care.
And many in their matches curst, are bleſſed
Yer in their Issue : But my case is rare,
In all of them my fortunes fatall are.
They hurt me most, that should protect me rather
A haplesſe King, A husband, and a father.

Some

451

Some say, that Kings are Gods vpon the Earth,
And Mariage quasi Merri-age some surmise.
God give vs joy (they say) at Childrens birth.
What God am I whom traytous men despise?
And Marr-age from my Mariage doth arise,
There reape I Care, where most Content doth ga.
A hapleſte King, a Husband, and a Father. (ther,

452

As thus I fled, My Queene pursues amayne,
So runnes the Hare for life, the Hound for Prey.
Few followed me: But thousands were her trayne,
So Flyes swarme thickest in a Sun-shine day.
At last at Oxford, did ſhee make ſome ſtay
With all her Troupes: and did deliberate
What Course to take with me, and with y State.

453

There did her Tutor *Tarlton*, thinke it fit
Of their chiefe drift remonſtrance for to make:
Who being of good Diſcourse and pregnant wit:
To broach the matter, firſt did vndertake.
He Preach'd: His Text was this, *My head doth Ake*,
Whereon dilating, hee did ſeeme to proue
That Subiects might an Aking head remoue.

454

And in that Compasse hee included mee,
And ſo Concluded, I ſhould bee Depos'd.
A dangerous, and detested Heretie,
By ſome infernall fury firſt Compos'd
In Hell: Where long the monſter lay inclos'd.
Till Impious Spirits, twolne with iſolence
To curbe all Christian Princes brought it thence.

Why

455

Why should such Diuellish Principles be broach'd,
By them, that seeme to bring Gods Embassie?
Why should the Pulpit bee so much reproach'd
As to bee made a place to tell a lye?
To serue a Turne, to sooth Impietie.

But they that onely theyr owne Ends affect,
Nor God, nor man, nor Heau'n, nor Hell respect.

456

No worthy mind will charge mee to disclose
With Cursed Cham my Fathers secret shame.
If my free Muse doe somewhat touch at those
Of holy Church, whose Actions full of blame
Haue soyl'd themselues (not function) wth defame.

Nor is't a wonder, though those blinded times,
Did hatch both monstrous men, and monstrous

457

(Crimes.)

William, whose Sword did seate him in this throne
Brought with him Odo Bishop of Bayon.
Whose Pride, whose lust, whose Irreligion,
Whose Symonic to buy the Sea of Rome
Incest his Brother to just wrath: By whom
Th' aspiring Priest in Prison was restrain'd,
And not releas'd, as long as William raign'd.

458

And had that head-strong man bin still held in,
(Rufus) thy raigne had bin more easie farre.
For having head, hee labour'd still to win
All discontented Spirits, (who ever are
Apt to take fire) vnto a Ciuell warre.

And the Corrupted humours drawne to a head,
In Prince and State great Inflammations bred.

When

459

When second *Henry* wore the Diademe
 How did Ambitious *Becket* toyle the State ?
 Who made the Pope to Interdict the Realme ?
 Who with the *French* King did Confederate ?
 Who vnder-hand nurst man and wifes debate ?
 VVho drew the Son to Armes against the Sire ?
 'Twas *Becket*, that most kindled all this fire.

460

What bitter stortes had almost wrack'd the state
 By Clergie practise whilst King *John* did Raigne ?
 Sixe yeeres the Realme stood Excommunicate,
 And vnder Interdiction did remaine.
 People and Peeres drawne from their Soueraigne.
Lewes of France brought in to weare þ Crowne;
 If by his forces *John* were sholdred downe.

461

Who almost sinking with so rough a blast,
 Finding him-selfe vnable to withstand.
 To saue his Crowne, was forced at the last,
 For to resigne vnto the Pope this Land,
 And by a Rent to farme it at his hand.
 Then all was well: The Clergie turne was seru'd,
Lewes was Cutte, and *John* had well deseru'd.

462

Doe Kingdomes then serue but for Tennis. balles
 For holy Churche to racket vp and downe ?
 Must Scepters bee dispos'd by Bishops Palles ?
 Or shall a Prince make forfeit of his Crowne
 If a proud Prelate chance to fret and frown ?
 If they can Carie it so, I like their wit;
 But sure I am : 'Tis not by holy writ.

463

When *Straw* his base rebellious troupes did gather
 And drew the Commons to a dangerous head,
 One *Bala* a Priest, or one of *Baals* Priests rather,
 By those seditious Libels, which hee spred.
 By foolish doating Rimes hee much misled
 The vulgar sort, and made their madnesse more,
 Which of It selfe did rage too fast before.

464

HENRY, 4.
RICH. 2. When * *Lancaster* King * *Richard* did depose
 His chiefe Assistant *Thomas Gründell*,
 Primate of England did absoluē all those
 That joyn'd i[n] that foule Action, to expell,
 Their lawfull King, and did in substance tell
 The very Tale, that *Tarleton* first had told.
 So oft this Realme by them was bought, and sold.

465

Bishop of
Winchester. Whilst *Hampfrey* Duke of *Gloster* rul'd the State
 (*Henry* the Sixt then being vnder Age)
 What bloodie Tumults, what Intelline hate
 Were heere vntimely rais'd by * *Bensorts* rage
 Which was so fell, that nothing could all wage
 His rank'rous spleene, nor would he stint y strife
 Till by close practise *Gloster* lost his life.

466

Richard the 3. that did usurpe the Crownē,
 And swom through blood to get the Kingly place,
 Had hee not *Shaw* a Clearke of great Renowne?
 (Before that time high in the peoples grace)
 Who at *Pauls*. Cresse did Bastard *Edwards* race.
 Defam'd the dead, forg'd, wreted, sooth'd vp sin,
 Ventur'd his Soule, a Tyrants Loue to win.

But

467

But stay, I handle with too hard a touch. ~~for he~~
 The Churches wounds, that now are fairly heal'd.
 Then were the hood-winkt times : then were they
 In those dark dayes, now is þ truth reueal'd, (such
 And now those former Errorts are repeal'd.
 And now the Sunne illuminis all our Clime
 Most Learned Fathers answer you the time.

468

Bee (as you shold bee) Lampes to give vs light,
 And shining Starres to grace our firmament,
 Though you doe teach, and wee beleue atight,
 Yet mindes vnsettled sooner will bee bent, (sent.
 When they shall see your words, and workes con-
 And therefore let your lives your faith expresse,
 And proue by practise, what you doe professe.

469

Nor speake I this, to taxe this present Age
 Eyther of Ignorance, or Indeuotion,
 Let envy swell, and burst with It's owne rage,
 Yet my free Soule shall truely vent her notion
 Those Reuered men, that now attaine promotion
 Are for the most part such, as doe excell
 As well in Learning, as in living well.

470

Whil'st Mortimer, my Queene, and Tarleton play'd
 Their pageant thus : The Current went so swift,
 That I thought fit, vntill the fury stay'd,
 In some close-priuate place a while to shifte,
 And (for the land seem'd Crosse vnto my drift)
 I did resolute, by Sea to seeke some Clime
 Where I might harbour, till some happier time.

471

And so I left the Land, and tooke the Seas.
 But Sea and Land conspir'd vnto my taking,
 For neither plaints, nor prayers could appease
 the winds, & waues, w^{ch} far'd, as they were making
 Sharp war betwixt themselues:whilst I stood qua-
 For feare least I the subiect of their strife, (king
 Should end their warre, by ending of my life.

472

And yet, thrice happie had poore Edward bin,
 If Death had ended then his weary dayes.
 For cast on Shoare in Wales : I liu'd vnseene
 In path lesse woods, and vnfrequented wayes
 With those few friends, whom whilome I did raise
 Baldock, Reading, young Spencer, and no more.
 Who in my fall, their ruine dld deplore.

473

Of all the swarmes, that followed Kingly Raigne,
 Of all the friends that fawnd on awfull pride,
 Loe, onely this poore Remnant did remaine,
 Whose fortunes glew'd to mine, made ther abide,
 A true-loue knot, with sad affliction ty'd.

For wretched men Compassionate each other,
 And kind Compassion is affections mother.

474

O see, what quick-sands Honour treads vpon ?
 How Icie is the way, that Greatnes goes ?
 A mighty Monarch late Attended-on (showes,
 With supple hammes, smooth browes, submissiue
 For many followers, now hath many foes.
 For fawning friends, from falling fortunes runne
 As Persiens vs'd to Curse the setting Sunne.

VVhen

475

When *Zone* had made the chiefe of all his Creatures
 VVhich wee call Man : (A little world indeed)
 The Gods did praise his well proportion'd features
 Each in their functions seruing others need.
 But prying *Momus* taking better heed
 Obseru'd at last one Error in his Art ;
 Because hee made no windowes in mans heart,

476

O that the glorious Architect of man
 Had made transparent Glasses in his brest,
 VVhat place should bee for Politicians then ?
 How should dissembling grow in such request ?
 And machiauillian Athielme prosper best.
 But temporising is the way to Clime,
 There is no musick without keeping time.

477

I shall not doe amisse, If now I sing
 Those heauie Anthemes our sad Confort made,
 VVhilst they did warble to their wretched King,
 (As wee did Sorrowing sit in silent shade)
 The Sodaine downfall, Reeling Greatnesse had,
Baldack (quoth I) out of Philosophie,
 Distill some medicine for our Miserie,

478

Deare Prince (quoth he) whom late our Eyes be-
 In greatest Glory, that the world could see. (held
 VVhilst thou with awfull Maiestie did st weild
 The publike State, let It no wonderbee,
 If some few Starres proue opposite to thee.
 Since in their fauour none so firmlye stood,
 But they haue giu'n them griefe, as well as good.

479

Doe but obserue the Fauorite of Chance,
 Her chieffest Minion, highest in her Grace,
 Philips great * Sonne, whom she did so aduance.
 Who did subdue the East in little space.
 Vnto whose Armes th' Amazed world gaue place.
 Whose Actions are the subiect of all Stories,
 Hee poys ned dyes amidst a world of glories.

480

I list not wade in telling tragicke Tales
 Sufficeth this : All greatnesse is vnsure.
 " Stormes rage more fiercely on the hills, thē dales.
 " Shrubs better then high Cedars windes indure.
 " Those Colours soonest staine, that are most pure.
 " O let him graspe the Clouds and span the sky.
 " That can assure himselfe felicitie.

481

In all, that this same massie world doth hold
 There is a certaine mixture to bee found
 Eyther of dry, or moyst, or hot, or cold.
 Of which, Ifany One too much abound
 The body so affected proues vnsound.
 But being kept in just proportion
 They doe maintaine a healthfull vniōn.

482

So fares it in our fortunes, and our State,
 Nothing is simply sweet, or simply sover.
 Our weale is mixt with woe, our loue with hate,
 Our hope with feare, & weaknes wth our power,
 " Bright Moones breed mists, y Sunshine morne a
 And as there is an Autumne, & a Spring. (shower.
 So change by course is scene in every thing.

The

483

(Nore,

The wind that's now at South, will change to
 The greenest grasse will turne to withered Hay,
 The Seas both ebbe and flow at euery shore.
 The Moone doth wax and waine, yet not decay,
 Day drawes on night, & night drawes on the day.
 Our selues or once babes, now men, now old, streight
 Doe plainly proue a change in euery-one. (none,

484

Wise Politicians, and deepe-sighted Sages (Care,
 That haue discourt of Common wealths with
 Both of our time, and of precedent Ages,
 Obserue in them a birth, when first they are,
 A growth, which oft extendeth very farre.
 A state, wherein they stand, and change withall,
 And then at last, A finall fatall fall.

485

Rome had her being first from *Romulus*,
 Her growth, from Consuls, that were annuall.
 Her State most flourished in *Ottavius*.
 Many Conuerions, Three most principall,
 From Kings to Consuls, Last Emperiall.
 And (O) who sees not she is ruined,
 And in her ruines now lyes buried?

486

The greatest, and best grounded Monarchie
 Hath had a Period, and an overthrow.
 " There is no Constant perpetuitie
 " The stremme of things is carried to and fro,
 " And doth in euer-running Channels goe.
 If then great Empires are to changes bending
 What weaker States are warranted fro ending?
 Ruines

487

Ruines of Kingdomes, and their fatall harmes
 From one of these same causes doe arise.
 From Ciaill furie, or from forreigne Armes,
 Or from some plague doom'd frō the angry skyes,
 Or worne by wasting time dissoluē dyes.
 For as the fruit once ripe falls from the Tree,
 So Common-wealths by Age subuerted bee.

488

If these be Rockes that shipwracke Monarchs,
 Are priuate States exempted from the same?
 Where lives the man hath such Immunitiēs?
 'Tis hard to scape vnschorch'd in Common flame,
 Or parts to stand, when ruin'd is the frame.
 Those publike harmes that Empires doe decay
 In priuate states doe beare a greater sway.

489

Fiue hundred yeeres some that are curious wise,
 Would haue the Period of a publike State.
 And they appoint for priuate families
 Some Six, or Seu'n discents the vtmost date,
 I dare not so precisely Calculate.
 But without doubt there is a fixed Time,
 In w^{ch} all States haue both their Eu'n & Prime.

490

Let these be motiues (O dejected great One)
 To calme the Tempest of thy stormie Care,
 And though I must confess it well may fret-one,
 Thy past and present fortunes to compare;
 Yet, since in all things changes common are.

Thinke Ebb'd estates may flow, & think withal,
 What happ's to One, to every one may fall.

Thus

491

Thus Balducke ceas'd, and Reading thus begun
 (But first his eyes dew'd downe a weeping raine)
 O thou (once glorious now Eclipsed) Sun
 Now thou art clouded, yet maist cleare againe,
 With Courage therfore hopefull thoughts retaine,
 For oft those winds þ draw the Clouds together,
 By their disperse occasions fairer weather.

492

But I intend no Comment on this Text,
 Nor will I harrow that which he did sow;
 What I apply to thy sad Soule perplext
 With those dismayes that from thy Fortunes flow,
 Out of th'assured grounds of truth doth grow.

Then make good vse thereof, and learne thereby
 This Soueraigne Salve for thy sad melodie.

493

(ceiue,

All things, that boundlesse thought can once con-
 Sacred, prophane, of Elements compos'd,
 Vnbodied Spirits, or what else doth receive
 A being : when, or where, or how dispos'd,
 Within one Triple Circle are inclos'd.

Being Eternall, or perpetuall,
 Or else indeed but meere Temporall.

494

That is Eternall, which did not begin
 Nor euer ends : and onely God is so,
 " Who hath for euer, and from euer bin,
 " VVho no place circumscribes, nor times forego
 " Nor limits bound, nor thoughts can fully know.
 " VVhom we so much the more ought to admire
 " How much the lesse to knowledge we aspire.

That

495

That is perpetuall, which in time began,
But never any time shall end againe. and that only
Such are the Angels, such the Soule of man,
Such are those Spirits, that live in restlesse paine
Rebellious Spirits, agaist their Soveraigne.
All these were form'd, as pleas'd the makers wil,
Once to begin, but to continue still.

496

Lastly, those things are counted Temporall,
Which hath beginnings, and shall haue their ends,
And in that ranke, the world it selfe shall fall.
So honour, riches, strength, Allyes and friends,
All which by Nature to corruption bendl
And in this sence, Tis true Philosophie,
"What doth begin, shall end most certaintly."

497

And therefore make not things so weake & vaine
To be thy God, as if they were Eternall,
Nay, doe not prize them, as an equall gaine
Vnto thy Soule, which is perpetuall,
But hold them, as they are but Temporall
And since their Nature is, to cease to bee,
Thinke, they obserue but their due course with

498

(thee.

The spacious world Is Fortunes Tennis Court,
Men are the Balles, which with her Racket (Time)
Shee tosses to and fro, for his dilport,
Sometimes aboue, sometimes beneath the line,
Now bounding, streight strucks dead, but yet in
Allgoe into the hazard, that's the graue,
And they once gone, the other balles must haue.

Now

499

Now we are those, with whom she playes her set,
 And she doth ply vs with hard stroakes amaine,
 Yet thereby may we this advantage get,
 Not to depend on her, that is so vaine
 Whose favour, soone is wonne, soone lost againe.
 Then let vs not fix our affections here,
 But let our hopes moue in a higher Spheare.

500

So silenc'st he : and then spake *Spencer* so, (Eares
 To my discourses deare Prince) vouchsafe thine vs
 And since we all doe share alike in woe,
 Let me haue leaue, to tune my voice like theirs.
 " United forces greater vertue beares,
 And all of vs leuell our Aimes at this,
 To make thee think the world, but as It is.

501

Which(O)that our experience prou'd not true,
 Would we did sit vpon the quiet strand,
 And thence behold the wracke like to ensue,
 And pittie others, we secure on Land,
 But now our states in doubtfull hazard stand
 Succeeding Ages in our fall may read,
 " How all things hang but by a slender thread.

502

Such in the sad condition of each state
 Annexed to It, by Eternall doome,
 Which is enrolled in the booke of Fate,
 From whence, our least occurrents here doe come
 That happen from the Cradle, to the Tombe.
 For though our fortunes seeme but Casuall,
 The finger of the highest is in all.
 And

503

And 'tis a worke of his All-guiding will,
 Whose boundles knowledge sees what is the best,
 In our whole life to mingle good with Ill,
 Contents with crosses, quiet with vnrest,
 Least we should hold the world in such request.

That for the same, we should abandon Heau'n
 And sowe out selues, with too much earthly

504

(Leau'n.)

For who sees not, how much the world bewitches?
 Who feeles not, how the flesh is apt to yield?
 Especially, made insolent with riches,
 How hard it is Prosperitie to weild?
 How proudly fighteth Sinne with such a shield?
 When lustfull ease, hot wines, and stirring fare
 Are Satans baites, to draw vs to his snare.

505

We may eu'n of our selues an instance make,
 When did we entertaine such thoughts as these?
 On, when did we this Theame for Subiect take?
 When sinne begot with greatness, nurst with ease,
 Confirm'd with vse, did seeke all meanes to please.
 The present humour, that did most delight,
 And fram'd our minds according to our might.

506

But now afflictiong sorrow doth affaile vs,
 We tune our Contort to another key;
 We change our minds, because our means doe faile
 And those lewd motives being remou'd away vs,
 Which did induce vs so to run astray.

We now recall our wandring thoughts againe,
 And from our troubles take our truest Ayme.

507

O sad affliction, though thou seem'st severe,
 Yet often-times thou draw'ſt vs vnto God,
 " Who strikes, for to instruct, & Clouds, to cleare,
 " So doth the tender father vſe the rod
 " So bittereſt hearbes in medicines oft are ſod.
 Of eafeiſt Reynes who doth no reck'ning make,
 Must needs be ridden with a rougher brake.

508

We were too full of rust, and ſinfull ſoyle,
 VVhich like a Canker eates into the Soule,
 Our gracious God is pleas'd to vſe this file
 To take that rust off, that did make vs foule,
 And ſince his Actions are without Contreule.
 Let's meet his bleſſed will without ſubmiſſion,
 For he knowes best, what's best for our conditiō.

509

If thus thou doſt account, thou reck'nest eu'n,
 And thou ſhalt ſum thy Sorrowes with delight.
 " God strikes on earth, that he may stroake in
 " He giues a Talent, whē he takes a mite. (heau'n,
 And leaſt thy Soule ſhould lie in endleſſe night,
 He ſends his Herauld onely to this end,
 That thou maift be his follower : He thy friend.

510

He ceas'd : I ſaid : *Spencer* I find it true,
 Eu'n from my ſelfe I can the prooſe deriuſe
 " Calamitie doth fashion vs anew,
 " Remorſefull grieve, into the Soule doth diue
 " And ſorrow makes repētant thoughts to thriue.
 " But ful-fed men, and fortunes ſoaring high,
 " Care neither how to liue, nor how to dye.

511

I must confess the trath : The time hath bin
 Whil'st my sweet-canded Fortune lasted still,
 I neuer thought on things, that were vnseene,
 I onely was obsequious to my will,
 My sense my God : whose lusts I did fulfill.

And my deluded Soule did place it's good,
 Onely in that, that pleas'd my wanton blood.

512

How often did I plot Impietie ?
 And fashion It, vpon my sinfull bed,
 Still hunting after fresh varietie.
 Longing to act, what was in fancie bred,
 How much were all occasions welcomm'd ?
 By which, I might adde heate vnto my fire,
 And still new formes, were fram'd by new desire.

413

And that, I might doe ill without Controule,
 Without all checke, or touch of Conscience,
 How often did I say vnto my Soule ?
 Injoy a present good : Be rul'd by fence ;
 Not by opinion, or conceit, from whence (ties,
 Some curious braines haue forg'd strange Nouell-
 But be thou wise, and follow realities.

514

But *Spencer*, now I find, I was a foole,
 And like *Xion* did a cloud Imbrace.
 Calamitie hath set mee to a Schoole (grace,
 Where (though I feele more griefe) I find more
 And now I see, how wretched was my case,
 Whil'st being bewitch'd with false felicitie,
 I thought Religion but meere policie.

But

515

But now my Soule groanes with the weight of sin,
 And I lye prostrate at my Makers feet.
 I doe confesse, how fottish I haue bin,
 How my distast hath taken fower for sweet,
 I find a God, whose Judgements now I meet.

Damn'd Atheist, thou that say'st, There is no God
 Thou wilt confess one, whē thou feel'st his rod.

516

Let Pharaoh liue at rest, and he will wage
 VVar against heau'n : and aske who Is the Lord.
 Nay more, and more, the Tyrant still will rage,
 Till God draw forth his sharpe auenging sword,
 Till his just plagues no breathing time afford.

Then, I haue sinn'd, Pray for me, Let them goe,
 And then, who God Is, Pharaoh learnes to know.

517

So doth the Sharpest bryer beare sweetest Rose,
 And bitterest Potions purge the body best,
 How woundrously doth God his workes dispose
 That eu'n by Crosses he can make vs blest ?
 And hatch our chiefeſt joy in sorrowes nest,

Then let vs not repine against his doome,
 But weave our web, as he hath warp'd our loome.

518

And *Reading*, of the world thou read'st aright.
 It is indeed, but meerely temporall,
 And those deare pleasures, wherein men delight,
 Friends, honours, riches, all are Casuall,
 And as they haue their honny, so their gall.

There's nothing certaine in the world but this,
 " That euery worldly thing vncertaine is.

519

Whom Rosie Phœbus rising in the East
 Hath seene aloft in glory and renowne,
 Before he tooke his lodgirg in the West,
 Hath often seene as low dejected downe,
 That man, that in the morning wore the Crown.
 Had not er'e night, nor Crown nor head to wcare,
 So full of frailties are our fortunes here.

520

These were our parlies as we sate alone,
 These tearefull Tributes duely were defraid,
 Now did we walke, and weepe, now sit, & groane
 Till faithlesse Welch me (friendles wretch) betrays
 Vnto their hands, who streight waies me conueys
 To Kennelworp, where I imprison'd lay,
 And neuer after saw one happy day.

521

The proofe whereof we doe not onely see,
 But by a selfe experience we doe feels,
 Others to vs haue caught, others shall bee
 Inform'd by vs ? how that part of the wheele
 That's now aloft, doth streight wayes downward
 And never rests at any certaine stye. (rele.
 But vp and downe weares out a wearie way.

522

The Spencers both the Father, and the Sonne
 Discended of an ancient worthy race,
 By whose directions all desigues were done,
 And nothing past with-out their speciall grace,
 They were so great in power, so high in place.
 Both dy'd such wretched deaths, as men may say,
 A gloomie night shut vp a glorious day.

To

523

To vse the Frenchmans phrase, vnder an Oake
 They both of them at severall times did dye,
 Their Bodies quartered by the Hangmans stroake;
 Their Heads cut off, were placed very high ;
 As Spectacles, for every envious Eye.

Which done, sayes form of Law by lawlesse will,
 Though they deseru'd It, was vnjust and ill.

524

The Sonne (*Glosters proud Earle*) so great besors,
 Had a white Paper fix'd vpon his head.
 Wherein (both to disgrace and grieue him more)
 In * Capitall letters were Caractred
 Those words, that in one of the Psalmes are read; Quid gloria
ris potens in
molitis ruit
 For so the two and fiftieth doth begin,
Thou Mighty Man, why do'st thou boast in Sinne ?

525

Vnhappie Lord, It was enough to dye,
 It was too much, to dye with scorne and shame.
 " Men should not trample vpon miserie,
 " Since every Mothers Sonne may share the same;
 I know he was in many things too blame.
 Proud, griping, cruell, Well : Say what you can,
 Yet giue me leauue to say : Hee was a man.

526

I write not Idly, doe not read mee so ;
 I pray obserue, vpon what slipperie way.
 " Greatnes, (that is too great) doth ever goe
 " How apt It is to catch a fall, and they
 " That so doe slip, how readily they may
 " Breake their own necks: without especiall grace,
 " They fall not soft, that fall from an high place.

527

Besides, who will observe the Course of things
 From Conquering Williams Raigne, til this our age,
 Shall find, how thos great Fauorites of Kings
 Haue by themselues bin brought to tragicke stage
 Or prou'd vnprosperous by the vulgar rage

I
2
3

Or weeded vp by him that next succeeds,
 Such dangerous humours swelling greatnessse

528 (breeds.)

Thou shalt not need, to trauaile very farre
 To fetch in matter, to informe thy mind.
 Of which, our Stories true relaters are,
 Studie but them, Thou shalt not faile to find
 Particular Examples, in each kind.

I am, but as an Index to a Booke

To point thee too't : Turne thou the leaves and

529 (looke.)

Aske Wolsey, Aske Lord Cromwell, Both will say
 That Princes Minions doe but hold at will.
 That, fauours never were Free holds, but they
 Are soone transferr'd from one t' another still;
 That, as the wind doth change, So must the Mill.
 Bee turn'd about, and every-one doth know,
 ⚡ Winds doe not always in one quarter blow.

530

Empson, and Dudley flourish'd very faire,
 And mighty were, during leuenth Henries raigne;
 But he being dead, his next succeeding Heire
 Did cut them downe, and they did fall againe.
 They had their waxing, and they had their wane.
 And for the vulgar rage, who doth not know,
 How many mighty men haue perish'd so.

531

I was my selfe depos'd by Parliament
 From Princely rule, as one not fit to raigne
 Both Peeres, and people, all did giue consent,
 That I vnking'd in durance should remaine,
 And sent their Agents to me, to explaine
 That if I would not to my Sonne resigne,
 They'd chuse a Prince out of some other Line.

532

O Englands Peeres, weigh what you take in hand,
 Looke but with Iudgement, into your designe,
 That w^ch you now attempt, will wracke the Land
 The wounds whereof, will bleed in after-time,
 And Babes vnborne, will Curse your hatefull crime.
 For what so doth peruer the course of things
 Wrath, Enuie, death, and desolation brings.

533

There is a lawfull, and a certainer right,
 Which alwayes must be kept Inuiolate.
 And being infring'd by practise, or by might,
 Drawes fearfull judgements downe vpon a State.
 Then you, or yours will wish(although too late)
 That I had kept my rightfull Int'rest still,
 And you had not bin Agents in this Ill.

534

When your owne children shall each other wound
 And with accursed hands gore eythers brest ;
 When Ciuill furie shall your state confound,
 Then will you say ; His Ghost is not at rest
 His, whom vnjustly we haue dispossed.
 The second Edwards: for whose Sacrifice
 Your Nephews then shall pay a bloudie price.

535

Neuer (O neuer) was the righfull Course
 Of this our Cowne peruerted, or supprest.
 But still the same hath bin the fatall source
 Of many mischieves, and of much vnrest.
 And as the Land hath bin therewith opprest
 So the vsurpers neuer kept it long
 In any quiet, what they got with wrong.

536

William who with his sword did get the Crowns,
 Winning by Conquest, what he kept with Care:
 (The true & lawfull heire being sholdred down)
 Like a wood Lyon (His owne word) did fare
 Against the English, whom he did not spare
 Or young, or old, that were of worth, and place.
 And for the rest, He yoak'd with bondage base,

537

And as he toyld the Land, with his vnrest,
 So tafted hee his share of miserie.
Robert rebels : a Byrd of his owne nest,
 The *Normans* breake forth into mutinie,
 Th'oppreſſed *English* hatch conspiracie.

Alwayses in Forreigne broyles, or Ciuell strife,
 And so wastes forth a wretched wearie life.

538

Nay Death, the Period maker of all moane
 Eu'n against Nature, followes him with spight,
 The mightie Prince of thousands waited-on
 Being dead, is left alone forsaken quite,
 No Sonne, no friend, to doe him his last right.
 None, that vouchſaf'd to give him buriall,
 But vnregarded lay, despis'd of all.

Nay

539

Nay more, The ground where he should be Inter'd
Anselme Fitz-Arthur (his dead bones to spight)
 Claim'd as his owne, (A thing not ever heard)
 And for the Prince (there dead) by lawlesse might
 Had worm'd him out of that, which was his right.
 On Gods behalfe, He did forbid them all
 Within his Earth, to give him buriall.

540

Nor would he cease the challenge he had made,
 Nor yet, durst they interre his Corpes therein,
 Vntill a summe of mony was defray'd
 With which, they pay'd a ransome for his sinne
 So much a doe had this great Prince to winne
 That which none doth the poorest wretch deny.
 A bed of peace, where his dead bones might lye.

541

Nor was the streme of miserie thus stay'd,
 The date of our Affliction lasted still.
 There is not yet, sufficient ransome pay'd,
 The Ill-got Scepter, must be sway'd as Ill,
Rufus succeeds, and still more bloud doth spill.
 Still hauocks more, and still doth Tyrannize,
 Vntill by sodaine violence, he dyes.

542

Nor did the Crowne stand well on any head,
 Till * *Bess. Clarke* got the Scepter in his hand,
 Who to the *Saxone Maude* being married.
 Some beames of cōfort cheer'd the drooping Land,
 And then our State in peacefull tearmes did stand.
 Till *Henry* dy'd : and *Stephen* vnjustly got,
 The Cro.yne, and set new troubles here on foot.

HENRY, I.

543

Then burst there forth, an all consuming flame,
 The Empresse *Mande* sought to require her right.
Steephen had the Crowne, and he wold keepe the
 Vntill She could recouer it by fight. (same;
 Then followed all the hostile Actes of spight.

Sword, fire, Rapes, murders, leaguers, wast ard
 And nothing of extreme ill did lacke. (wrack.

544

So hath vnjust Succession scourg'd this Realme
 At length *Steephen* dyes, after a wretched Raigre
 Then Second *Henry* weares the Diadem,
 In whom, the rightfull Title did remaine,
 And then our state did happy fortunes gaine.

Then did our strength encrease, our bounds ex-
 And many nations to our yoake did bend. (tend;

545

And *Richard* his braue Sonne did next succeed
 In a just Course, and all things prosper'd well.
 In *Siria* hee did many a worthy deed,
 The Easterne world of his exploits can tell,
 And many thousand miscreants sent to Hell,

By his unconquered Armes : haue prou'd lorg
 That *Cure-De-Lyon* was a peerlesse Prince. (since

546

He dead, young *Arthur* should haue had þ Crown,
 The Sonne of *Jeffrey*, who was *Henries* Sonne
 Had not King *John* his Vnkle put him downe,
 Who being hauld on by Ambition
 Diaerts the Course of true succession.

Makes himselfe King, vsurpes the Princes name,
 And murthers *Arthur*, to secure the same.

And

547

And now (O now) begins our Tragedie,
 VVhere Death and horrour onely Actors are.
Iobz gouernes (as hee got) preposterously
 And doth both with his Peeres, and Clergie jarre.
 Then *Iannus* sets wide ope the gates of warre.
 And then the Land with blood was overfowne,
 And none could safely call his owne, his owne.

548

Then were the Cities sack'd, the fields lay'd wast,
 The Virgins forc'd, the Marriage bed defil'd.
 Then were the auncient Monuments defac'd.
 The Portes vntaffick'd landed vp, and spoyl'd.
 Eu'n God himselfe seem'd hence to bee exil'd.
 The land was Curs'd, all Sacred rights were baird
 And Six yeeres spaee, no publike prayers were

549

(heard.)

Then did the King lease forth the Realme to *Rome*.
 Then did the Peeres to *France* betray the Crowne.
 O heau'ns great King, how fearefull is thy doome?
 How many mighty Plagues canst thou powre
 Vpon a Nation, If thou please to frowne. (downe
Arthur, It was the wrong done thee of late,
 That made just Heau'n so to affil et our State.

550

But yet, might not his death that did the deed,
 Bee a Peace-offring to redeeme the Sinne?
 Why should the Land of y one wound still bleed?
 Or wherefore dy'd not his offence with him?
 Was not the measure heap'd vp to the brim
 Both of the Ills hee suffred, and had done,
 But that the guilt must prosecute the Sonne?

O

551

O no: Although third *Henry* was the man
 In whom, The lawfull Title was Inuested
 (For *Arthur* dead, the right was then in *John*
 And *John* decea'sd, the same in *Henry* restod)
 Yet, that the world shoule see, how God detested
 Such wrongfull meanes, Acts so vniustly done,
 The Fathers whip is made to lash the Sonne.

552

For still did Ciuell-farie wound the state
 During the time of *Henries* pupillage,
 And still the Reeres swolne with Intestine hate
 Against theyr harmelesse Prince, being vnder age
 Cobine themselves wth *France*: & whē that rage
 Was spent, the Barons-warre brake forth againe,
 So full of troubles was third *Henries* raigne.

553

Hee dead, my Father *Long-sharkes* then did raigne,
 And in due Course succeeded next his Stre;
 Then all afflictions did begin to waine,
 And *England* did to peace and wealth aspire.
 Nor did the streme of blisse flow cuer higher:
 Then when first *Edward* managed the State,
 Prudent in Peace, and in warres fortunate.

554

That Noble Prince to mee my birth did give,
 Whom I succeeded in a rightfull line.
 You all haue sworne Allegiance whilst I liue,
 And will you now inforce mee to resigne?
 Will you againe with wicked hands vnt wine
 That Sacred chayne, whereon depends our good,
 And drowne this Iland once againe in blood?

O,

555

O, If you doe disorder thus the Crowne,
 And turne the lawfull course another way.
 If you vnjustly wring from mee mine owne,
 You spinne a Thred, to worke our owne decay
 And my propheticke Soule doth truely say
 The time will come, when this vnjust designe;
 Will plague your selues, your sonnes, and mine
 (owne line.)

556

For from my Stocke two branches shall arise
 From whom shall grow such great dis-union,
 As many thousand lives shall not suffice
 To re-unite them both againe in One,
 England shall waste more deare blood of her owne,
 Against her selfe, then would suffice to obtayne
 All France, and conquer Germany, and Spaine.

557

Thou wert too true a Prophet fatall King,
 And thy Presages were too ominous.
 From thee, and from thy worthy Sonne did spring
 Those Families, that so afflicted vs;
 For Yorke and Lancaster litigious
 For the Crowne-right, did make the Sword their
 And so white Albion, grew to be a red. Sea.

558

But when that men are bent to doe amisse,
 Then all perswasions are but spent in vaine.
 The Parliament was resolute in this
 That I their King no longer should remaine,
 Whereto If I oppos'd my selfe: 'I was vaine.
 They were resolu'd: And my peruersnes might
 Make them perhaps to doe my Son lesse right.

Which

559

Which when I heard, thinke how my soule did war
 Within It selfe, which way I shuld incline.
 Deare was my Sonne, my selfe was dearer farre,
 By my Eclipse must I procure his shine ?
 Cannot hee raigne, vntelle I now resigne ?

My Father dy'd e're I could get the Crowne.

I liue : And yet my Sonne must put me downe.

560

My Sonne ? (Alas poore Prince) It is not hee,
 For many Wolves maske in that Lambes attire,
 Proud Mortimer, 'Tis thou vncrownest mee.
 Luxurious Queene, This is thy soule desire,
 And moodie Tarleton (bellowes of this fire)
 'Tis you that are the marrow of this sinne
 My Sonne doth serue, but for the outward skin,

561

You are the wheeles that make this Clock to strike
 My fatall hower ; The last of all my good,
 For this is not the height of your dillike.
 " Death is the fruit, when Treason is the bud,
 " Such practices doe alwayes end in blood.
 " Whē others stumble, Kings fall headlong down
 " There is no meane betwixt a Graue & Crown,

562

" For this is certaine : Sinne doth alwayes find
 " Within It selfe sufficient cause of feare.
 " 'Tis dangerous, to trust a guiltie mind.
 " The Creditor remou'd, the deb't's thought cleare
 " Men hate whō they haue wrong'd, & hating feare
 " And fearing will not cease, till they haue prou'd
 " All meanes, by which the cause may be remou'd.

There.

563

Therefore, would I might leade a private life
 In some sequestred place, which none might see.
 Where I may seeke, to reconcile the strife
 That Sinne hath made, betwixt my God, and mee.
 For if the ransome of my Crowne might free
 My life from slaughter, little would I grieve,
 " There's none so wretched but desires to liue.

564

And yet why should I loose or life or Crowne?
 Are liues, or Crownes so light and easie losses?
 'Tis vaine to aske, why fortune list to frowne,
 Or to dispute the causes of our Crosses. (tosses
 When Ships at Sea, stormes winds and billowes
 It boos not ask, why winds and stormes should rise,
 "All ruling heau'n respects not humaine whyes?

565

Cato would know a reason of the Gods
 Why Pompey should by Caesar vanquish'd bee?
 Whose cause was better (as he thought) by oddes.
 Cato, thou seest Euent, thou canst not see
 Their causes: They are kept referu'd from thee,
 In Gods close Cabinet, being safely layd;
 And hee must not bee question'd, but obey'd.

566

The stately Steed that champs the steely bit,
 And proudly seemes to menace friend and foe,
 Doth fling, and foame, and boundeth oft, and yet
 Poore beast perforce hee is inforc'd to goe.
 Eu'n so far'd I: and since It must bee so,
 As good the same should seeme to come from me,
 "Twas best to will, what against my will would be.
 And

567

And so I made a solemne resignation
 Of all my right and Title to my Sonne,
 And therewithall an earnest Protestation
 (Which was with sighes, & weeping teares begun)
 How much I grieu'd, that I had so misdone,
 As to procure thereby my Peoples hate,
 And to bee thought vnworthy of the State.

568

Which since I was, I willingly would giue
 Vnto my Sonne my throne of Maiestie ;
 Desiring them, to giue mee leauie to liue,
 And not too much tread on my miserie :
 For I had once their Faith, and fealtie.
 Which, though I now discharg'd, & set them free,
 Though not obey, yet should they pitie mee.

569

The Crowne had often made my head to Ake,
 And I pray'd God, my Sonne felt not the same.
 Whom they should not lesse value for my sake,
 Since by his vertue hee might falue my shame.
 And well I hop'd, my President would tame
 All youthfull humours, which are easily led
 Vnto those courses which Confusion bred.

570

And here, (though griece my sences did o'rewhelme
 And I did swoone, e're formes could finished bee)
 Yet * Thomas Trussell Knight for all the Realme
 Did then renounce Allegiance vnto mee
 And of all Faith and Service set men free.

My Steward brake his staffe : my State before
 Was now discharg'd, and I was King no more.

*Speaker of
the Parlia-
ment.*

Marke

571

Marke what pretences wrong can make of right,
 How loath men seeme 'gainst Justice so offend.
 O Sacred vertue ! Thou art full of might,
 When eu'n thy foes thy Title will pretend;
 As if thy onely shadow could amend
 All Impious Acts : But now 'tis growne an vse
 Thou must bee made a Bawd vnto abuse.

572

Well, well wise Politickes ! With formall shewes
 Your lawlesse Actions you haue gilded ouer.
 And now the stremme in a smooth channell goes.
 My resignation now doth fairely Couer
 Your foule Abuse : But Time will truth discouer.
 That's current now, that will not alwayes goe,
 " Formes scrue for men : God Is not serued so.

573

Your hands can not wipe off the holy- Oyle
 Which hee hath layd on Kingly Maiestic.
 Nor your deuices wash away the soyle
 From your owne Soules of wilfull Periurie
 To God : To mee of Infidelitie.

Vse all your Art, you neuer can get free
 From that just Oath, you gaue to God, and mee.

574

When I had thus departed from my Crowne,
 I did bewayle the wayning of my State.
 Poore Prince (sayd I) how low art thou cast down
 From that high Hean'n, w^{ch} thou inioy'dst of late?
 Thou hast no prospect, but an Iron-grate.

Thy costly Hangings, ragged walles of stome,
 And all thy solace, solitarie moane.

Now

575

New of a Cushion thou must make a Crowne,
 And play the mock-king with it on thy head.
 And on the Earth (thy chaire of State) sit downe,
 And why not so? Since thou art Earthly bred.
 But for a Scepter how wilt thou bee sped?

Why, take a brand, and shake it in thy hand,
 And now, thou art a King of high Command.

576

All guiding Heau'n what change doe I indure?
 Once wealth at will: But wealthy now in want.
 Then men my pleasure, now my paine procure.
 Then sumptuous houses, now one Chamber scant.
 Then thoughts of rest, now restlesse thought doth
 The sad remembrance of my wretched fate, (plant
 What now I am, and what I was of late.

577

Mee thinkes, the Birds vpbraid me in their songs
 And earely sing my shame in euery place.
 Me thinks, the waters murmure forth my wrongs,
 And in their course discourse of my disgrace.
 Me thinkes, the Sunne doth blush to see my face.
 The whistling winds (me thinks) do witnes this,
 " No grieve so great, as to haue liu'd in blisse.

578

When I complaine to Eccho of head-aking,
 Shee sounds a King: And yet no King am I.
 In silent night, when I my rest am taking,
 I dreame of Kings, yet I vnking'd doth lye.
 And till sweet sleepe seales vp my weary Eye.

I cannot fixe my thought on any thing,
 Bu: tels mee straight; that once I was a King.

That

579

That once I was, (aye me) that now I am not,
 And now I am not, would I had bin never.
 Lesse feeleſſe he want, that yet to plenty came not;
 " To haue bin happie : Is vnhappy euer,
 But to forget my ſelſe I will endeauour.

One of the Soules perfections, Memoric
 Is vnto me a Caufe of miferie.

580

Reſtleſſe remembrance, how doſt thou torment
 The feeling Soule, with a ſad apprehenſion
 Of former pleaſure, preſent diſcontent ?
 Of many wrongs in Act, more in Intention
 And they without all compaſſe of preuention.

" It is ſome Comfort (though a wretched one)

" To know, Our ſorrows are at their high-noone,

581

" But to feele miferie in a high degree,
 (And ſure, I am not ſenceleſſe of my ſmart)
 " Yet ſtill to feare, that It will worſer be,
 " Is a moſt eating Corr'lue to the heart.
 But (O) my thoughts why doe you beare a part
 In theſe ſad dumpes : This plain ſong only ſing,
 I was not borne, nor shall I dye a King.

582

So when the tempeſt of my ſtormie paſſion
 (W^{ch} at the firſt, wrought strongly on my ſence)
 Was ſomewhat calm'd, then I in better paſhion
 Began to ſift the moving Caufes, whence
 My great diſasters did at firſt Commence,
 And after ſuch a ſerious ſcrutinie,
 I found, That Sinne had cau'd my miferie.

L

I

583

I did forget my duty to my God,
 My Subjects they neglected theirs to mee.
 It was high time for him to vse the rod,
 And lash me mee soundly : When that he did see
 How milder med'cines could not worke on me.
 " When the still growing Gargreane hazards life,
 " The skilfull Surgeon needs must vse the knife.

584

I writ awry, and God hath rul'd me thus (streight,
 With his blacke lead to make my lines more
 " It is a Justice sweet and gracious,
 " To make a daring Sinner feele the weight
 " Of his owne sinnes ; and so vnload the freight
 Wherewith the burd ned Soule, did sinke befo re
 " The more we feele, humbled we are the more.

585

And God is gracious, when by punishments
 Hee makes the Sinner see his woesfull case
 Who vpon sight and fence thereof, repents ;
 Humbling himselfe before th' Almighties face,
 And that makes way vnto ensuing grace
 For then doth C H S I S T that good Samaritan
 Powre Wine and Oyle into the wounded Man.

586

When the scar'd Soule (that feeles no smart at all,
 But is by pleasure nusled in its ill)
 Doth still remaine a poore Captived Thrall
 To Sinne, and Satan : Who commands him still
 Both in his understanding, and his will.
 Till at the last comes death, and rings his knell;
 Who living feares not, dying findeth Hell.

This

587

This I know true, by selfe-experience,
 For being thus mur'd vp in miserie.
 I then began to haue a feeling fense
 Of mine owne Sinnes: which blinded libertie
 Kept from my sight: Or did so qualifie,
 That I did hold my selfe in best estate,
 When my condition was most desperate.

588

But seeing now my danger: I began
 To cast about, how to preuent the Ill.
 I found, there was nor helpe nor hope, in man;
 For they that wrong'd me now, would wrong me
 And they had able means to work their will. (still),
 At last I found a Supreame Dietie,
 Who could or mend, or end my miserie.

589

O then my Soule, aduance thy thoughts to heau'n.
 If there be hope of helpe, there It doth rest,
 And onely by that hand it must be giu'n
 That festered sore, that matters in thy brest?
 That worme with-in thee, will not let thee rest.
 Till thy Repentance, makes thy peace with God
 And thou canst blesse his hand, and kisse his Rod.

590

Heau'n-seeking Soule, (whoeuer that thou bee.)
 Let me acquaint thee with one meditation,
 Which was like Ajax's buckler vnto me
 A seu'n-fold shield, temp'red in such a fashion
 As did abate the Edge of all temptation.
 And this It was: As I sat musing long,
 My hart grew hot, and I spake with my tongue.

591

Number the Moates, that in the Sun-beames fly.
 Number the Sand, vpon the beachy shore.
 Number the sparkling Diamonds of the sky.
 But number not my sins: for they are more, (soure.)
 Yet joyne in one, Moates, Sands, Starres, Sins, All
 Nay, be they many more, then all these are,
 The mercies of my God are more by farte.

592

And mine he is : and all those mercies mine,
 Not by deseruing worth, that is in me ;
 But by that Int'rest, which is truely thine
 (O blessed Iesus) and transferr'd from thee
 To mee most sinfull wretch: So mine they bee.
 So God is mine : And this I fully know,
 Because my blessed Iesus makes him so.

593

But how comes Iesus to be thine? By faith,
 Which Apprehends him, and applyes him too.
 That may be false: O no : The Spirit faith
 (The Sacred Spirit) That all which he did doe
 Whil'st he did liue, And all he suffer'd too
 By his free Grace doth vnto me pertaine,
 Nay, Is made truely mine: And ther's my claime.

594

Thy Claime is grounded on a weake foundation,
 What if that Spirit doth informe a Lye.
 Then wher's thy strange presumptiō of Saluation?
 O no : It is Gods Spirit certainly.
 And hee's a God of truth, and veritie.
 How know'ſt thou this? Because his motions
 To make me good and happie at my end. (tend
 Because

595

Because he makes me see my owne demerit,
 And what is Iustly due to me by right,
 And then hee Comes, and like a blessed Spirit
 Presents my gracious Sauiour to my sight,
 Makes me lay hold on Christ , with all my might.
 And tender him vnto the God of heau'n
 To cleare my score, & make our reck'nings eu'n.

596

In these good thoughts, I spent my best of Time,
 My Cosin * Leicester well respecting me,
 Which to my foes did seeme a heinous Crime.
 Who after Consultation did agree,
 Some lesse Indulgent should my keepers bee.

*Henry Earle
of Leicester
kept him at
Kenelworbz.*

And * Gurney, and * Maltrevers chosen were,
 To rid me of my life,them of their feare.

*The Gurney
Iob Maltre-
vers,
Knights.*

597

They that haue Eares to heare of my extreames,
 And feeling hearts, to comprehend my woes.
 And yet haue Eyes as dry as Sunny beames,
 Whence no moyst Teares (poore Pitties tribute) flowes.
 Within such minds whole mines of marble growes

Flint-hearted men that pittie not my moane,

Some Gorgons head, hath turn'd your hearts to

598 (stone.

And what haue I to doe with stony hearts ?
 With men of marble, what haue I to doe ?
 I take no pleasure in *Pigmalions Arts*,
 I would not worke on stone,or marble woe
 Hee lou'd his stony -maide, and had her too,
 She was transform'd at his incessant moane,
 So were my foes, but chang'd from men to stone.

L 3

And

599

And would to God, I had beeene chang'd like the,
 Then without fence, I should haue borne wy pain.
 " And fencelesse haplesse are halfe, happie men,
 " who feele no grief, what need they much complain,
 But I was touch'd, being strucke in every veine.

That my extreames, to their desires might bring
 The fatall Period, whence their feares did spring.

600

And first, They hurried me from place to place,
 That none might haue Intelligence of me.
 They clothed me with garments vile and base,
 Unlike my selfe, that I vnknowne might bee,
 And least, I shoulde the chearefull day-light see.
 I still remou'd, when Sol his course had run,
 My day was night, & Moone-shine was my Sun.

601

I did lament, that woes to words might yield,
 And said : Faire *Cynthia* with whose brightsome
 This fable-night doth beare a fluer shield. (shine
 Yet thou art gracious to these grieves of mine.
 That wth thy light do'st cheare my weeping Eyne.
 Thou borrowest light, to lend the same to me,
 Lighten those, that my Eclipsers bee.

602

The gl'orius Sunnes thy Brother)lends thee light,
 My Sonne makes me obscure, unlike to thee.
*Envie*ions loue, thou did'st with loue re-quite.
 My loue distreiseth, and disdaineth me ;
 Yet both too like in often changing bee.
 O no, for thou being wan'd, dost wax againe,
 But still her loue continues in the wayne.

Some

603

Some doe ascribe the Oceans ebbs and flowes
 Vnto thy Influence, working in the same.
 I wot not that, but this poore Edward knowes,
 Men ebbe and flow, as Fortune list to frame ;
 Whose smiles, or frownes doe make or marre our game.
 Then since we all must stoope vnto her lure,
 When shee is false, how may our states be sure.

604

But cease (faire Phæbe) cease thy beautious shine,
 Spend not thy rayes on such a wretch, as I ;
 'Gainst whō the very Heau'ns themselues repine,
 Whose presence, All good-boading stars doe flye.
 Then give me leue, that I obscure may dye.
 And suffer me, vnscought, vnseene to goe ;
 " Some easie It is, not to be knowne in woe.

605

And that, the humid vapours of the night
 Might be of force, to make weake nature fail
 They made me ride cold, and bare-headed quite
 To whom both hats & heads were wont to vaile,
 Whil'st I with prosperous wind at will did sayle.
 But now, I was reproach'd with hatefull Crimes,
 O Times, O Men; O Change of men, and Times,

606

Thinke not, that I was Marble, not to haue
 A sence of ill, after a feeling fashion,
 Which made me sometimes for to fret, and rare,
 Sometimes to weepe, and humbly beg compassion,
 As I was sway'd by variable passion.

Remembering what I was, some storms did passe,
 And freight a calme, remembering what I was.

607

Traytors (quoth I) Why doe you vse me thus ?
 Know you not me ? Forget you whom I am ?
 Was not great *Long-shanks* Father vnto vs ?
 I Kingly *Edward*, Second of that name ?
 Why kneele you not ? Oft haue you done the same.
 Why shold you not ? since you are sworne to do it,
 And by our birth-right wee are borne vnto it.

608

From forth the Loynes of many Kings came I,
 This head hath beene Impaled with a Crowne,
 And will you now a simple Hat deny ?
 I'le be reueng'd : They doe not feare my frowne,
 Too well, too well they know, my Sun is downe.
 My day is done, Now doth my night begin ;
 And Owles, not Eagles vse to flye therein.

609

I haue bin Grac'd, let me be gracious now,
 I haue Commanded: Let me now request.
 Your sometime King hath humble krees to bow,
 And weeping Eyes to craue some little rest ;
 Mans heart is flesh : He hath no flintie brest.

One* *Aristomines* had a hayrie heart
 But you are stones: else would you tue my smart.

610

And that I might be wretched etery way,
 That euery sence might haue his proper paine.
 The Byrd, to whom *Prometheus* was a prey.
 The waking Serpent, that doth rest restraine,
 Hunger I meane, did gnaw on me amaine
 Hunger, which often forc'd me eate such food.
 As weakned Nature, and corrupted blood.

I

611

I that *Enceladus*-like, was seru'd at will,
 With whatsoeuer Sea, or Land affords,
 Would now be glad of Crumes, to feed my fill,
 Such want doth often follow wastfull boards,
 Better the frugall fare of Rootes, and gourdes,
 Which keepes the Soule and body both in health,
 And God doth blesse wth great encrease of wealth.

612

Camelions feede vpon the peircing Ayre,
 O that kind Nature, had but made mee such,
 The Salamander doth It's strength repaire
 Amid'st the fire, when It the flame doth touch,
 Against whose happie state I did not grudge,
 But onely wish'd my selfe, to haue like meanes
 For hunger is th' Extreamest of Extreames.

613

I thought sometimes, to Eat my very flesh,
 My brawn-lesse armes would do some little good.
 But stile my stomacke loathed such a messe,
 And would not serue mee to digest my blood.
 My teeth should rather teare the stones for food,
 I'de soften them with teares, & ceaflesse moanes,
 But stones were hard, and men more hard then

614 (stones,

And for to make me fret my selfe to death,
 They crost, and thwarted me in euery thing,
 Sweete-sugred words like to the Panthers breath,
 You pleasing Tongues, whose Chimes so sweetly ring.
 Where are you now? why sooth you not your
 Yea, so you will: But that is not my Case (King
 And flatterers tune not to the meane, or base,

How

615

How deadly Is the venome of faire tounys? (oyle
 Whose Nectar-tearms do seeme more smooth then
 And all the breath, that commeth from their lungs
 Is sweet in shew, but full of gall, and guile.

Beleeue me, There's more danger in their smile

Then in their frowne: for seene is soone detected.
 ¶ But they hurt most, that are the least suspected.

616

O why are Princes like to brazen Pots
 Which being great, are lif ted by the Eares?
 Little see they, their reaches, and their plots,
 Whose tongus are tun'd to sooth them many yeres
 Till turnes are seru'd: & then It streight appeares.

That Hony gone, the Combcs are soone rejected,
 And wanting meanes, the man is lesse respected.

617

May it please your Highnes: was my wonted stile:
 Whose pleasure now is lesse esteem'd then mine :
 Did I looke Cloudy ? Who durst seeme to smile ?
 Or was I pleasant ? Who durst then repine ?
 Spake I ? Apoloes words were lesse diuine.

What e're I did, A applause grac'd every thing,
 And this the cause : Because, I was a King.

618

But now the Spring-time of my Blisse is done,
 Those Nightingales that did so sweetly sing
 In this my winter, all are fled, and gone
 Nay turn'd to Serpents, that both hisse and sting.
 So Belsto Marriage-Feasts, and Burials ring.

A King : No King: Hap, and mishap doth bring,
 And none so haplesse, as a King, no King.

And

619

And that my words might vnrespected be,
 And neither they, nor I regarded ought.
 They gaue it out, my senses failed me,
 And I was mad, and helpelesly distraught.
 'Tis true, I haue beeene mad, and dearely bought
 My madnes : I was mad, when I did blot
 My Soule with Sinne : When I my God forgot.

620

But now my sences are restor'd againe,
 And I begin to see, how mad I was ;
 To put my trust, in things that are so vaine,
 To change my heau'nly gold, for earthly glasse,
 To dote on shadowes, letting substance passe,
 And now my God hath purg'd that Lunacie.
 With bitter Potions of Calamitie.

621

And (O)this sicknesse is too generall,
 The world doth groane vnder this mad disease,
 This frantick humour doth distract vs all,
 We onely seeke the present fence to please,
 And whil'st we liue, so we may float at ease.
 We quite forget the place, where we must Land,
 The Throne of Judgment, where we al must stand.

622

Why should mankind, be so extreamely mad,
 As for the short fruition of base pleasure,
 (Which often Is repented, when 'tis had)
 To loose a soule, more worth then worlds of trea-
 This is Indeed a madnes aboue measure. (sure ?
 Thus once I rau'd, and therefore now I rue,
 Thus rau'e you now, and therefore so shall you.
 And

623

And least my Torments should but see me to cease
 Or breath a while, They would not let me rest,
 Of quiet sleepe (The harbinger of peace
 The Common Inne both vnto man and beast)
 My weary Eyes could never bee possest,
 My head waxt light, yet heauie was my heart ;
 Two Contraries, One Cause, but no desert.

624

I that had once so many Princly bowers,
 And in the same, so many beds of state,
 With sweete Perfumes, and beautious Paramours
 And melodie, such as at *Plutoes* gate
 Once *Orpheus* play'd, and all most delicate
 To charme the fenses, and bewitch the Soule,
 Must now not sleepe one hower without Con-
 625 (troule.

O Justice ! what a Tallie do'st thou keepe
 Of all our sinnes, and how thou pay'st them right ?
 " Though God doth winke, yet doth he never sleep.
 " The Eye of heau'n sees in the darkeft night.
 My waft of Time in sleep (then thought but light)
 Was chalked vp, and now hee payes the score
 With want of that, which I abus'd before.

626

Fond men (quoth I) you haue in all bin cruell,
 But yet in this, you are too much vnwise,
 If to my Torments you would adde more fewell,
 You should permit some slumber to mine Eyes,
 That being wak'd, fresh sorrow might arise,
 Nor can I last, my strength with watching spent,
 " For bowes grow weak, that never stand vnbent
 Besides,

627

Besides, Continall thinking of my woe
 So duls my sensces, that I feele It lesse,
 " As Paths grow plaine, whereon we always goe
 " So Hearts grow hard, that neuer find redresse,
 And you will make mee fencelesse by excesse.

I know, you hate mee, shew your hate therfore,
 And let mee slumber, for to vex mee more.

628

And that my greife might worke on mee the more
 By apprehension of my present fall,
 And sad remembrance of my state before.

They wreath'd a Crowne of Hay : & therewithall
 They Crowned me : and King est. soones did call.

Phurp, Phurp, (say they) God sauē this jolly King
 O sauē me God ! whom Div'l's to death would

629

(bring.

And thou meek Lamb, that by thy precious blood
 Hast made Atonement twixt my God, and mee,
 (Which was more Soueraigne for a sinners good
 Then sweetest mirrhe, or purest balme could bee)
 In my weake steppes I somewhat follow thee.

The Spunge, the Speare, the Crosse, þ Crowne of Thorne
 Thy ensignes are, and may not elsebee borne.

630

(Hay.

Thy head was Crown'd with Thorn, mine but wth
 Thou knew'ſt no ſin, my ſinnes the ſands exceed.
 Well may I follow, when thou lead'ſt the way,
 And (O) that I might follow thee. Indeed
 Then of the Tree of Life, my ſoule ſhould feed.
 My ſoule that hath no other hope but this.
 Who will be thine, Thou always wil bee his.

Sweet

631

- Sweet Saviour Christ, these are the hopes I haue,
 1 Though they affiſt me, yet my Soule is thine.
 2 A Tyrant cannot reach beyond the graue
 3 These fierie tryals make me brighter ſhine
 4 Thou wilt relieuē me, when thou ſeeſt thy time
 5 Or I ſhall end : 6 Or they at laſt will ceafe,
 7 Thou wilt giue patience till thou giueſt release.

632

- And that I might eu'n of my ſelfe be hated,
 They ſhau'd off all my beard in my diſgrace.
 The Inſtrument a Razor blunt, rebated.
 And from a muddy ditch, neere to that place
 They fetch'd cold filthy water for my face.
 To whom I ſaid, that eu'n in their diſpight,
 I would haue warme : My teares ſhould doe that

633

(right.)

- These dropſ of brine, þ poure down frō mine eyes,
 Mine eyes, caſt vp to heau'ns high glorious frame,
 That from whence God ali earthly deeds deſcryes.
 That God, that guerdons ſin with death & shame.
 Shall witneſſe, yea, and will reuenge the ſame.

That you haue bin moſt cruell to your King,

Whose death his Doome: His doome your deaths

634

(will bring.)

- Vnmanly men, Tember what I was,
 And thiſke withall, what you your ſelues may be,
 I was a King : A powerfull King I was:
 You ſee my fall, and can your ſelues be free?
 But you haue friends, why, you were friends to me
 And yet, you ſee how much your loue is chang'd;
 So others loues from you may bee eſtrang'd.

But

635

But you are young, and full of able strength,
 And am not I? What bootes my strength or youth,
 Both now seeme firme, but both shall faile at length,
 " Old Age cold Ache: and both sad griefe purfu' th,
 But you are wise, the more should be your ruth
 Of mine estate, whose wracke may teach you this
 That balefull chance may clowd your greatest

636

(blisse.)

You are not, No, you are not Beasts by birth,
 Nor yet am I made of a seneclesse stone.
 We all are fram'd, and all shall turne to Earth,
 You should haue feeling Soules, for I haue one.
 Then see me at least, relenting to my moane.
 I Pittie craue, and crauing let me haue It,
 Because one day your selues may need to craue It.

637

But these sad motiues could not worke at all
 In their hard steelic hearts the least remorse.
 They rather added wormewood to my gall,
 And exercise of Ills did make them worse.
 So violent streames hold an their wonted course:
 And being flesh'd in Crueltie before,
 Vs made the habite perfect more and more.

638

And least one torment should be left vntry'd,
 They shut me in a vanlt, and layd by mee
 Dead Carkasses of men, who lately dy'd,
 That their soule stincke my fatall bane might bee,
 These were the Objects that mine eyes did see.
 These smels I felt, with these I did conuerse,
 And vnto these, These plaints I did rehearse.

639

O happie Soules, whose bodies here I see
 (For you haue play'd your parts, and are at rest)
 Yet somewayes haplesse, you may seeme to bee
 That with your bodies I am thus distrest.
 Perhaps you grieue (If that you know at least)
 That by your means, your King is thus tormented.
 Grieue not (deare soules) for I am well contented.

640

'Tis not your bodies (sencelesse as they are)
 That doe inflict these Torments on your King,
 But the fierce Agents of proud Mortimer,
 Frō them my plagues proceed, as from their spring,
 And (O) just Heau'n ! Let them their tribute bring
 Backe to the Ocean, whence they first did flow,
 And in their passage, still more greater grow.

641

But what poore soules haue you deseru'd so ill ?
 That being dead, you must want buriall.
 Nothing but this : I must my fates fulfill,
 And still be plagu'd with woes vnnaturall,
 My wretchednesse must still transcend in all.

The liuing, and the dead must doe me spight,
 And you (alas) for me must want your right.

642

But you are happy, free from fence of wrong;
 Here are your bodies, but your soules are well.
 Death, doe not thou forbear thy stroake too long,
 That with these happie soules my soule may dwel.
 And soule be glad to goe : Here is thy Hell.

And eu'n in this, th' art happie, that 'tis here,
 O better so, Then it should be else-where.

What

643

What seest thou now, but Objects of disgrace?
 What do'st thou heare, but scornes, and words of spight;
 What do'st thou touch, that Is not vile and base?
 What do'st thou smell, but stench both day and night?
 What do'st thou tast, that may procure delight?

Thy sight, thy hearing, touching, tast and smell
 All cry for Heau'n, for here is now thy Hell.

644

This darke some Vault, the house of Acharon,
 These wicked men like Fiends doe torture me,
 This miseries sink resembles Phlegeton,
 My acted Sinnes like fearefull furies bee,
 And he that would a whole Infernall see,
 Let him obserue the plagues, that I endure,
 And hee shall find them Hells true portraiture.

645

The Earth it selfe, is wearie of my paine,
 And like a tender Mother moanes for mee,
 From me thou cam'st, returne to me againe,
 Within my wombe I'le keepe the safe(quoth she)
 And from these vile abuses set thee free.

Never shall these fell Tyrants wrong thee more,
 Hee that payes death, dischargeth euery score.

646

These bodyes that thou seest thy Brothers were,
 Subject to many wants, and thousand woes.
 They now are clear'd from Care, and free'd from
 And from the pressures of insulting foes, (feare,
 And now, they liue in joy, and sweet repose.

Thy selfe can't witnessse, that they feele no woe,
 And as they rest, ev'n thou shalt rest thee so.

647

Their eyes, that whil'st they liu'd oft Tyded teares
 Thou seest, how sweetly they Injoy their rest,
 Those harsh vnapleasing sounds that wrong'd their
 Are turn'd to Angels tunes among the blest. (Eares.
 Their Soules that were wth pensue thoughts possest,
 Now in their Makers bosome without end,
 Injoy that peace, whereto thy Soule doth bend.

648

(Soule)

And thou hast need of peace (poore wretched
 If euer any Soule had need of Peace.)
 God being in Armes against thee doth encoule
 All Nature in his list, wh ich doth not cease
 To fight against thee, and doth still Increase
 Thy wretchednesse, forbearre rebellious dust,
 To warre with him, who is most great and just.

649

O wold to God, that I had dy'd ere this,
 Then had my finnes bin fewer then they are:
 Then had my Soule long since repos'd in blisse,
 That now Is wandring still in wayes of Care,
 " Lifes griefe exceeds lifes good with-out Copare.
 Each day doth bring a fresh supply to Sorrow,
 Most wretched now, yet shalbe more to morrow.

650

My carefull mother might haue helped mee
 When I lay sprawling in her tender wombe.
 If she had made her burd' ned Bellie bee
 My fruit-lesse birth-bed, and my fatall Tombe;
 Sure had she knowne her Sonnes accursed doome.
 She never would haue wrong'd her selfe so much,
 To beare a wretch, saue whom was never such.

My

651

My tender Nurse is guilty of these paines,
 Shee might haue put some poysone in my pap.
 Or let me fall, and so dash'd out my braines,
 When she full oft did dance me on her lap,
 A thousand wayes had freed me from mishap.
 But he whom Heau'n ordaines to live distrest,
 Death will delay to set that wretch at rest.

652

For Death's the wearie Pilgrims rest and joy,
 This world of woes a hard and flintie way,
 Our birth the path, that leades to our annoy
 Our friends are fellow-passengers to day
 And gone to morrow, Honour Is a stay
 That eyther stops, or leades vs else amisse,
 Pleasures are Theeues, that Intercept our blisse.

653

And in the passage, as the way doth lyse
 Wee meet with seuerall Innes, wherein we rest
 Some at the Crowne are lodg'd, and so was I :
 Some at the Castle : So am I distrest ;
 Some at the Horne, That married folkes doe feast.
 Though men haue divers Innes, yet all men haue
 One home, to which they go, & that's the graue.

564

Yet whil'st we trauaile Fortune like the weather,
 Doth alter faire or foule, so doth our way
 If faire, then Friends like soules do flocke together,
 If foule, Each man doth shift a severall way
 Onely our vertues, or our vices stay
 " And goe with vs, whose endless memorie,
 Doth make vs liue, or dye Eternally.

655

This Is the freight, that men cannot vnlod
 No, not by death : Therefore Mortalitie
 Worke for thy selfe, whil'st here thou haft abode
 For on the present hath dependancie
 Eyt her thy endiesse blisse or miserie.

And death's the Convoy to conduct vs home
 Come death to me, that I to rest may Come.

656

Perhaps thou fearest me, being great and hyc,
 " O death ! Man were a thing Inollerable
 " Were he not mortall : But eu'n Kings must dye.
 " No priuiledge doth against death Inable,
 Both fat and leane are dishes for his Table. (graue,
 The diff'rence this: The poore one hath his
 The great one, hee his Monument must haue.

657

" Our fates may be conceiu'd, but not Controial'd,
 " Before our dated time we cannot dye.
 " Our dayes are numbred, and our minutes told
 " Both life and death are destin'd from on high.
 And when that God, that rules the Imperiall skye
 Shall find It fit, then thou shal: goe in peace,
 Meane while with patience looke for thy release.

658

Thus vnto Care I pay'd his due : Complaint,
 And joynd withall my tributarie teares,
 Such my lament (for griefe finds no restraint)
 As they at last, did come vnto their Eares,
 That by the Castle past, which caus'd such feares
 In their selfe guilty soules, that vs'd me so,
 As they resolu'd by death to end my woe.

To

659

To which effect came Letters from the Court,
 Written by Tarleton, at the Queenes command,
 In such a cloudie, and ambiguous sort,
 That duiers wayes, one might them vnderstand
 By pointing them; That if they should be scann'd,
 Hee and his Letters might be free from blame,
 And they Delinquents, that abus'd the same.

660

The words were these: *(Kill Edward doe not feare Edward
 'T is good) which being Comma'd diue: fly
 As pleas'd the Reader, double sence may beare.
 O Art ! Thou art the Earths chiefe treasurie
 But being Imploy'd to practise villanie, (spring.
 What monstrous births from thy faire wombe do
 So Grammar here is made to kill a King.

661

Which to effe: &, They first remoued mee
 From forth the place, where I before did lye,
 And made a shew, as if they seem'd to bce
 Compassionated, for my miserie.
 And would hereafter graunt Immunitie
 From such vnworthy vslage : So we see,
 The Sunne shines hot, before the shower wil bee.

662

Bat being ouer. watch'd, and wearied too,
 Nature was much desirous of some rest,
 Which gaue them opportunitie to doe
 What they desir'd, for being with sleepe oppress
 They clap great massie Beds vpon my brest.
 And with their weight, so kept me down withall,
 That breach I could not, much lesse Cry, or Call.

M 3

And

And then into my Fandament they thrast
 A little horne, as I did groueling lye,
 And (that my violent death might shun mischance)
 Through that same horne, a red. hot Spit whereby
 They made my guts and bowels for to fry.

And so Continu'd, till at last they found,
 That I was dead, yet seem'd to have no wound.

And here I pitch the Pillars of my paine,
 Now, *Nec plus ultra*, shall my Poesie bee,
 And thou which hast describ'd my tragicke raigne,
 Let this at least giue some content to thee,
 That from disastrous fortunes none are free.

Now take thy web out of the Loomes againe ;
 And tell the world, that all the world is vaine.



THE AVTHORS *Noli peccare.*

Dens vi.
dec.

Forbeare to Sinne : God hath thee still in sight,
 Nothing is hid from his all-seeing Eye.
 Though thou putt'st on the Sables of the night,
 Thou canst not cloud thy selfe from him thereby ;
 All time, all place, all Ends, and all thy meanes
 He better sees, then thou the Suns bright beames.

For-

2

Forbeare to Sinne: The Angels grieue for thee Angell
tristam
 When by thy Sinne thou grieu'st thy louing Lord.
 Those noble natures our Attendants bee,
 To whom both day and night they doe afford
 Theyr dearest seruice: O vnkind too much
 To cause their griefe, whose loue to thee is such.

3

Forbeare to Sinne: For eu'n that damned Fiend Diabolus
aconsare
 That mou'd thee first, and sooth'd thee in thy Sin.
 When hee hath once attayn'd his cursed End,
 And made thee A & his ill, will straight begin
 To aggrauate thy guilt: Hee'l vrge thy shame
 Against thy selfe; that vrg'd thee to the same.

4

Forbeare to Sinne: For out of Sinne doth breed Conscienc
staterre.
 A biting worme, that gnawes the Sinner still.
 Deavouring wolfe, that on thy selfe doest feed,
 Blacke Register, that do'st record our ill. (write
 And makes the Soule the booke, where thou doest
 Sad thoughts by day, and fearefull dreames by
 (night.

5

Forbeare to Sinne: Death standeth at the Doore, Mors mis
natur.
 Ready to Enter on thy house of Earth.
 One day being spent, The lesser is thy store
 Of time to come: Man dyes from his first birth.
 Who euer writes, or speakes of any. One, → ②
 Still ends his tale with Mortuus est, Hee's gone.

Judicium Forbeare to Sinne.: There is a day of Doome,
Inferni. There are Records, where thy sinnes are Inrol'd,
 There is a just and fearefull Judge, from whom
 Lyes no appeals : Who cannot bee control'd
 Whom teares almes, prayers may here to mercy
 But the chere is no place for peace or loue. (mouc)

Infernus Forbeare to Sinne.: Because there is a Hell,
gracious. Where ceas leſle, eale leſle, Endleſſe torments be,
 Where Diu'l's, & all the damned Soules doe dwell,
 Whom Millions of yeares shall neuer free.
 Where to remaine, Is grieuous past Conceit,
 And whence, not any hope to make retreat.

Therefore (to End as I did first begin)
 Let these respects make thee forbearc to Sin.

Quorum si singula duram
Fletere non possunt, possunt tamen Omnia Mentes.

Timentes Deum, non habet quod timeat ultra vires.

FINIS.



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